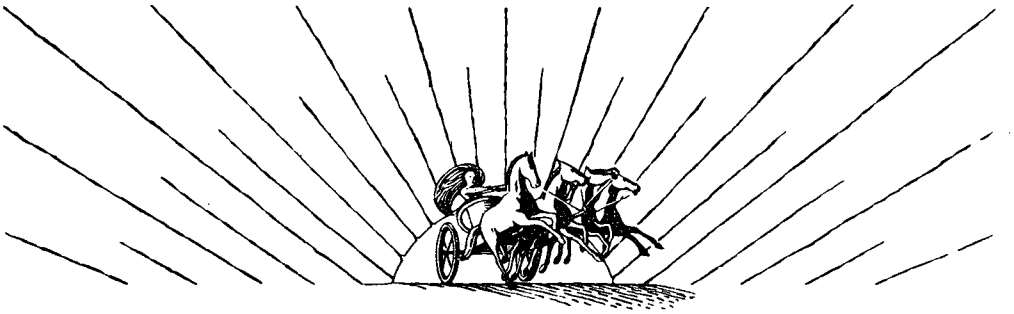

THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844 BY E. LITTELL : PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

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STUDY SUGGESTIONS FOR THE CLASS-ROOM

April 10, 1926

THE NEW SPIRIT IN EUROPE. On what grounds does the speaker deny that the Locarno Treaty benefits one of the signatories more than the others? Trace the progress of the 'Locarno spirit' from Versailles, through Cannes, Genoa, and Geneva, to Locarno itself. Summarize as concisely as possible Briand's defense of the Treaty.

A TRAGIC CHAPTER IN MEXICAN HISTORY. Tell what you may know of the immediate historical background for the assassination of Madero. Explain the reference to Porfirio Diaz. In what proportion can the guilt be assigned to Huerta, to his cabinet, to the American Ambassador, and to the Mexican Congress?

THE GERMAN YOUTH MOVEMENT. What was the effect of the war on democratic feeling in Germany? Explain the difference between 'the dynamic and the static concepts of society.' Expand the allusion to the Thirty Years' War and the age of romanticism. Who are the *Wandervögel?*

THE POETRY OF T. S. ELIOT. What are the difficulties in the way of understanding such a poem as 'The Waste Land'? Identify the allusions to books, poems, etc., in the third paragraph. Discuss Mr. Murry's dictum that 'the immediate effect' of a piece of poetry 'should be unambiguous.' Why does the author call Mr. Eliot's poetry 'a music of ideas'?

The purpose of these suggestions is not only to assist the teacher in adapting the *Living Age* to the class-room, they are also intended to show our more casual readers how readily the magazine lends itself to a systematic study of the world we live in.

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NEXT WEEK

WILSON'S GRAY CARDINAL

By Sydney Brooks and J. L. Garvin

Colonel House's *Intimate Papers* have been published in England simultaneously with their publication here. Two English publicists record their views of an historical document of the first importance, and in doing so pass judgment on the man behind it.

FASCISM IN THEORY AND PRACTICE

The present rulers of Italy have a clear-cut theory of social justice and political activity. What that theory is, and with what success it has been carried out in concrete legislation, it is the purpose of this article to explain.

'THE ABODE OF PEACE' *By J. A. Spender*

A school for children run on principles like those laid down by Plato, an academy for mature scholars in the fields of philology and philosophy, and an agricultural experiment station — all these have their place in the colony that Rabindranath Tagore founded in Bengal twenty-five years ago. An English traveler describes a visit with the world-famous poet and thinker.

NEW TYPES OF ENGLISH FICTION *By André Maurois*

How do the writings of Mrs. Woolf, E. M. Forster, and Aldous Huxley appear to critical observers on the Continent? The biographer of Shelley, who is a confessed Anglophile, makes some provocative generalizations about his English confrères.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 329 — *APRIL 10, 1926* — NO. 4266

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

PRO-FASCIST AMERICA?

A CONTRIBUTOR to *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung,* who has evidently followed the discussion of the Italian debt settlement in this country with keen interest, thinks that the extraordinary liberality our negotiators showed Count Volpi's commission was due to our secret sympathy with Fascism. 'The Babbitt masses on the one hand, and the equally conservative professional politicians on the other, admire Mussolini because they make a fetish of law and order. America's innumerable patriotic societies and welfare organizations, her American Legion and her Ku Klux Klan, are at heart purely Fascist bodies. American conditions are different from those in Italy, and consequently her methods are different. But the fundamental idea is the same.'

This writer professes to discover evidence that the present Washington Administration stands in hand and glove with Mussolini, and discovers a certain resemblance between Mr. Coolidge, 'the crusher of the Boston police strike,' and the Black Shirt leader. He cites as one of the fruits of this secret sympathy the imprisonment of Signor Tresca and the suspension of his paper in New York City, nominally for a technical violation of the press law, but really because that editor is an enemy of Fascism.

From all this the writer concludes: 'America sees in the large only the brighter side of Mussolini's régime, and in view of her own political prejudices is perhaps able to see only that side. She has a right to her own opinion. But she also has a responsibility. When her Government supports Fascism it must be with its eyes open to what Fascism is doing in Europe, and particularly to our German brethren in Tyrol. Had it not been for the United States, South Tyrol would never have passed into Italy's hands.'

*

THE POSTPONED LEAGUE CONTROVERSY

MR. CHAMBERLAIN has survived the storm of criticism that greeted his gauche manœuvres at Geneva, though his Locarno laurels have sadly withered. His lack of explicitness at home and of firmness abroad has lessened the pres-

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tige of Great Britain in the League, and British sentiment is peculiarly sensitive to an impairment of foreign standing. Despite his endorsement by Parliament, therefore, which was a foregone conclusion in view of the huge Baldwin majority in that body, Mr. Chamberlain's political reputation has been dimmed decidedly.

Several incidents occurred during the Geneva session which do little credit to certain countries represented there. We are told that Sweden was threatened by one Power eager to get a Council seat with the abrogation of a commercial treaty, on account of her inflexible opposition to its claims, and that an interested foreign Government threatened for the same reason to cancel an important contract for telephones given to a Swedish firm.

Sir Frederick Pollock, commenting in the *Morning Post* upon the proposal to enlarge the Council, characterized that body as 'a committee and not a senate,' and believed that it should not have more than twelve members at the utmost, and that nine members would be better. 'Any further increase brings two dangers. Bacon pointed out one as concerning a council sitting at a long table: "A few at the upper end in effect sway all the business." We know those few at home as the Inner Cabinet. The other and worse danger is that a body too large for frank and confidential discussion among the whole will split into factions.'

Belgium, which has taken as active a part as any of the smaller nations in the labors of the League, also looks askance at the proposal to enlarge the Council. M. Vandervelde, its Minister of Foreign Affairs, pointed out in the Chamber that if this body were made too large its deliberations would be hampered to such an extent that its business would inevitably fall into the hands of a small committee of the Great Powers, and the minor members would have less say in practical matters than they have to-day. Possibly M. Vandervelde had the Paris Peace Conference in mind, to which the whole world was invited, but where decisions were ultimately made by a little council of three.

✤

BRITAIN'S COAL PROBLEM

COMMENT upon the British Coal Commission's Report is still premature. That document is a bulky volume of nearly three hundred pages; and it is not the first exhaustive official study of the industry made since the war. It recommends a discontinuance of the existing subsidy, the amalgamation of mines, and a greater degree of public control over their organization and operation, along lines similar to those proposed by Mr. Baldwin for the electrical industry. Nationalization is rejected, but the report recommends that the Government acquire ownership of mining royalties. The Commission opposes longer working-hours or a permanent reduction of wages, though temporary decreases may be necessary in certain instances.

Mr. A. J. Cook, National Secretary of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain, writing in the last issue of the *Labour Monthly*, states that the average earnings of a coal-miner per day worked vary from the equivalent of two dollars to two dollars and fifty cents in American currency; and that wages have increased less than sixty per cent since July 1914, while the official index of the cost of living has risen seventy-five per cent. Allowing for lost time, the actual average weekly earnings of British miners are less than twelve dollars a week. Last year, which was admittedly a year of crisis, the industry paid aggregate profits to the operators of between thirty and forty million

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dollars, while individual landowners received in some instances over half a million dollars in royalties. The total of the latter item exceeds thirty million dollars per annum, although the industry is 'on the dole.'

*

AMERICANS IN SHANGHAI

WE are told that the American population of Shanghai and the immediately adjacent district now exceeds four thousand, or more than double the number before the war. Moreover these statistics, according to the *China Weekly Review*, tell only a part of the story of the growth of our interests in China's chief port. Since 1914 Americans have built a school for their children at a cost of about a million dollars, a downtown business club which cost practically as much, a country club which cost half a million dollars, and a church 'which, when completed, will probably run to a quarter of a million.' We infer from this that religious fellowship runs a bad second to club fellowship in the treaty ports. Our trade with China has increased fourfold during the past ten years.

But more important than these material things is the growth of a 'community consciousness.' No longer is the Yankee an unshaven, dusty-shoed, socially impossible adventurer in the East. 'Americans on the China coast have become accustomed to *dressing for dinner*. It has n't been so many years since the Astor House bar was popularly known as the "American Club," the reason being that it was about the only local club that was open to all Americans. But now the Americans have their own club, and it 's more palatial and just as high class as any other nationality affords. So that 's that! We do not wish to imply that all Americans in the old days — before 1914 — were lowbrow people. There were a few aristocrats who associated with the British, and a half-dozen or so were admitted to the British clubs, and at least one wore a monocle and spats. But generally the Americans were not considered a "high-class" crowd and fit candidates for clubs. But they managed to worry along and make the best of the situation as they found it, and laid the foundations for an American community which probably is the largest outside of the United States, Manila not excepted. And as stated previously, they are engaged in all manner of respectable callings which go to make up a city and help it to grow. We have doctors, teachers, brokers, bankers, realtors, newspaper men, one journalist, plumbers, engineers, electricians, jobbers, stenographers, retailers, motor-car dealers, manufacturers, authors, musicians, movie proprietors and producers, radio broadcasters, and so on; and they have organized a Rotary Club, a university club, a D. A. R., a Mothers' and Teachers' Association, a Women's Club, two volunteer companies, a branch of the Legion, an "Ad" Club, Spanish War Veterans, and a Y. M. C. A. — the latter also to cost a million.'

*

CURRENT HISTORY WRIT COMMUNIST

COMMUNIST interpretations of international development have their place in every well-rounded survey of opinion, if only for the reason that they strike an arresting note of discord when the melody of the chorus runs too smoothly and soothingly. For example, this is the way the London *Labour Monthly* sees the sequence of events in 1925: January, Russo-Japanese Treaty; April, Anglo-Russian Trade-Union Alliance; May, Morocco war of independence; June, Chinese national uprising;

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July, 'Red Friday'; August, Syrian revolt; September, Scarborough Trade-Union Congress endorses Communist tactics. And then follows: October, Locarno Pact of British, French, and German capitalism, and prosecution and imprisonment of British Communists; November, British-French united front in the Middle East.

The editor observes that this sequence is so clear that it needs no comment; that the Locarno Pact was opposed at first in both France and Germany because it did not primarily arise from a solution of European antagonisms, but only from a compelling force of larger world antagonisms — that is, France's desire to get rid of the German incubus in order to have a free hand to suppress the revolts in Morocco and Syria. The Pact reflected primarily, however, British aims, which were not concerned in the first instance with European questions, but with establishing a common front against Russia, with holding the Asiatic nations in leash, and with identifying Germany with Europe's struggle to maintain her capitalist suzerainty over the rest of the world. The fact that the Communist editor of the *Labour Monthly* has Indian blood in his veins may incline him to emphasize the racial at the expense of the Orthodox Western-European class-struggle interpretation of current history.

✻

A NOTE ON IRELAND

An Irish correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* is inclined to think that Mr. de Valera's position in favor of having the Republicans enter the Dail upon the abolition of the present oath, which was rejected by the more militant wing of the Party, is a wise one, and that the oath should be abolished as it is not worth the price of a controversy. But he thinks that, once inside the Dail, the Republicans would disintegrate for the want of a policy. This correspondent then proceeds to discuss the Irish-language question as follows: —

'In regard to the Irish language, no Republican cabinet could move faster than we have been moving without raising a revolt against the language. It is indeed an open question whether we shall not see a revolt against the present Government's Irish-language policy. The newly published Report on National Education in 1925 contains a good deal of evidence showing the sacrifices that we and the rising generation are required to make in order to bring back into everyday use a language which is not the mother tongue of nine tenths of the people. We should feel less hesitation about paying this price if we were quite sure that the language that is thus to be born again will prove to be of genuine Irish blood and not the bastard offspring of the school-teacher and the journalist. Some of us, too, remember that for a century or so the only Irish literature that counts has been written in English, and that there is no modern literature worth the name in Irish. Others are influenced by thoughts of the impediment that the revival of Irish may put in the way of our commerce. But on the whole a study of the report suggests that nationalist sentiment will prevail, reënforced, as it is, by the vested interests in Irish that have now been created in one of the universities, in the Civil Service, and in the teaching profession. Our farmers will submit to the tyranny of the enthusiasts, grumbling and grudging after the manner of their kind. Two generations hence the miracle of the resurrection should be accomplished, and Irish may be the house language in the Free State though not in Northern Ireland.'

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FASCISM AND THE BIRTH RATE

THE Italian Nationalist press made much of Mussolini's statement, based upon last January's census returns, to the effect that Italy's population is now forty-two million, or three million more than four years ago. *Impero* intones a hymn of praise to Fascism as the cause of it all: —

> Never in the history of any other people has there been so rapid a rhythm of population-increase. Our wretched democrats will draw depressing conclusions. They see in this increase a menace to their favorite antipatriotic theories, because it may be a cause of war. Our Italian renegades are as frightened of this increase as might be a foreign country whose population was diminishing, and for whom in consequence the increase of the Italian population may be dangerous. But let everybody in and outside Italy know that we are fully conscious of the supreme historical importance of this vertiginous increase. This magnificent prolificity is the practical proof that Fascism came at the right moment.

Apparently, however, Mussolini's enthusiastic statement is to be discounted slightly, for the actual increase was 2,172,078, or a little more than half a million a year.

*

MINOR NOTES

CRITICS of the rising generation in America, and especially of the criminal propensities manifested by what seems to be an abnormally large number of youths approaching maturity, may draw some comfort from the fact that this is not a peculiarly American phenomenon. A series of crimes of astonishing violence committed by juveniles has recently appalled thinking people in France. Several young lads waylaid a butcher boy employed as a collector and killed him for the sake of two hundred francs — equivalent to between five and ten dollars — that he was carrying. While this crime was on the front pages of the papers, a fifteen-year-old farm-hand killed his peasant employer and the latter's aged mother and escaped with their savings. The Apache is said to be the hero of many boys who grew up without parental control during the war years. Simultaneously quiet-loving people in Switzerland have been scandalized by the pranks of British public-schoolboy excursionists. Parties of intoxicated boys and girls have created several unpleasant incidents at winter-sports centres in that country. According to a dispatch to a London paper, 'girls give beer parties at the local inns to all the men indiscriminately, and as whiskey costs only eight shillings and fourpence a bottle it is drunk instead of beer by both sexes.'

'No frames sold without the pictures,' the impecunious Paris artist's burlesque studio-sign, had its counterpart in China during the World War, when the manager for one of our largest oil companies discovered that his best-grade case-oil was being peddled upon the streets of an interior town by the dipperful at a price actually lower than that asked for his very cheapest grade of bulk-oil. Upon investigation it turned out that the Allies were using a lot of Chinese lard. It had to be shipped in oil-tins and boxes for lack of better containers. The demand had become so great that the oil merchants could actually get enough for the cans to enable them to undercut the cheaper grades of oil on the market.

ACCORDING to a note from Hawaii printed in *The Young East*, a Tokyo Buddhist journal, Japanese of the younger generation in our Mid-Pacific

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Territory are in many instances becoming Christians because they are losing their knowledge of Japanese and cannot fully understand the services in the Buddhist temples. Realizing that the Buddhist religion is likely to die out in Hawaii with the passing of the older generation, for this reason, the Buddhist leaders there have brought to the island an English Buddhist priest, Bishop M. T. Kirby, Ph.D., who was formerly a priest of a Hongwan-ji temple in San Francisco. He lectures at the principal temple in Honolulu to large audiences, including many Europeans, both upon the practices and beliefs of Buddhism and upon comparative religion.

At the last meeting of the Krupp Works the directors reported that the company had closed its last year with a loss of fifteen million marks, or well toward four million dollars. This was incurred chiefly in operating its shipyards at Kiel, although there were also deficits in some of its mining operations and in locomotive-building. The big farming-concession in Russia gives better promise, though it is not yet being an actual profit. The machinery owned by the firm, destroyed by the orders of the Interallied Commission, was valued at a hundred and four million marks, or twenty-six million dollars. 'The machines destroyed numbered 9300, and had a total weight of about 60,000 tons. The dies and tools sacrificed reached the prodigious total of 801,420, their weight being 9588 tons. Further, 379 presses, tempering furnaces, oil and water tanks, cooling plants, and overhead travelers were scrapped on the Commission's demands.'

FASCIST DISCIPLINE

In South Tyrol a cow was arrested because she did not yield Chianti

— *Simplicissimus*, Munich

PACKING THE JURY

Briand and Chamberlain at the Geneva meeting

— *New Leader*, London

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THE NEW SPIRIT IN EUROPE[1]

BY M. ARISTIDE BRIAND

WE print below a press report of the salient paragraphs of Premier Briand's appeal before the Chamber for the ratification of the Locarno Accord.]

GENTLEMEN: If you examine, article by article, from a purely juridical standpoint, the Pact submitted to you for ratification, you will find that it is like all similar contracts — you can interpret it in various ways. You may imagine that it benefits such or such a nation, that it is better for one country than for another. That is a quibble with which I shall not waste the time of this Assembly.

I have followed the various interpretations given to this Agreement in the different countries concerned. What have I observed? When the German Cabinet was preparing to ask the Reichstag to ratify it, I read a letter from Marshal Ludendorff to his old army-comrade, Marshal Hindenburg, begging him to oppose it because it was a serious humiliation for Germany. I read numerous articles intended to prove that Germany had been duped at Locarno, and many speeches by German public men of different Parties appealing to the Reichstag to reject this Accord.

We have heard speeches from this very tribune dwelling upon the great advantages that England derives from this Agreement. One honorable speaker characterized it as a wonderful bargain for Great Britain, and thus explained the enthusiasm with which her Foreign Minister was received on his return. I think that was an exaggeration. I read articles in English newspapers, after the Locarno Agreement was signed, dealing quite as roughly with Mr. Chamberlain as our French papers have dealt with me. Speeches were delivered in the House of Commons denouncing Mr. Chamberlain for agreeing to such a compact and condemning him bitterly for letting himself be made the tool of France. One British member went so far as to say to him: 'You let M. Briand put you in his pocket without knowing it!' Whereupon Mr. Chamberlain, with that gentle and mild philosophy, with that subtlety and delicacy, that comport so well with his nobility of soul and his loftiness of mind, answered with a smile — and how patly: 'The pocket of my friend M. Briand is not big enough to hold me.' (*Smiles*)

Gentlemen, these are amusing episodes, but I think the question before us should be considered in a more serious mood. The best thing about the Locarno Agreement, in my opinion, is that it does no injustice to any of the signatory Powers. It is not designed to enable any country to get the better of another. (*Excellent! Excellent!*) In order to judge it, one must understand its true spirit, which is not the spirit of narrow and selfish nationalism. It has been conceived and agreed upon in a European spirit, with a view to enduring peace. (*Applause from the Left, the Centre, and the Extreme Left*) Does

[1] From *Le Temps* (Semiofficial opportunist daily), *February* 28

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it fully accomplish this object? Does it make war henceforth an impossibility? I would not venture to affirm that; I do not wish to mislead my country. (*Applause from the Left, the Extreme Left, and the Centre*) Does it relieve us of the duty of keeping a sharp eye on international developments? (*Excellent! Excellent!*) Does it make it unnecessary for us to provide for our own safety if, unhappily, some crisis should arise that placed us in danger? I say, no! (*General applause*) But in forming an opinion of this document, we must first of all ask ourselves two questions: What was the situation before Locarno? And, if it were not for Locarno, what would the situation be to-day? (*Excellent! Excellent!*)

Had we rejected the Locarno Agreement offhand, where should we be now? Gentlemen, do you think that Europe would have remained just where it was? You, whose duty it is to follow international events with an attentive eye, should not forget that, when the negotiations that were to eventuate in this Agreement started, other feelers had already been thrown out between certain European Governments. Had our conversations at Locarno failed, might we not now face a new grouping of the Powers extremely perilous for France? Did we not see powerful statesmen hasten to Berlin in the hope of dissuading the German Government from a reconciliation with France? You must keep that in mind in judging the history of this Agreement.

Gentlemen, it takes a certain moral courage to enter negotiations such as these. It is easier for a public man to keep out of commitments like this for which I have assumed responsibility. (*Excellent! Excellent!*) But shall a great country like France have its foreign policy paralyzed by hypercritical indecision? (*Applause from the Left, the Extreme Left, and the Centre*) All I did, however, as Foreign Minister in the Cabinet of my friend Painlevé, who was one of the staunchest promoters of this Accord, was to follow a course set for me by one of my predecessors, the Honorable M. Herriot. (*Applause from the Extreme Left and Left*) It was a course that I myself sought to follow in 1921, under conditions that it may not be irrelevant to recall. (*Applause from the Extreme Left, the Left, and the Centre*) I speak without the slightest *arrière-pensée* of criticism or recrimination against anybody; nor have I complaints to make about the Treaty of Versailles. That Treaty is what it is. Drafted to settle very complex and difficult questions, it was naturally defective in many respects. If I had been entrusted with its negotiation, should I have done better? I do not know. (*Scattered applause*)

What most impressed me during the debate on the Versailles Treaty was that tragic colloquy in the Chamber concerning the imperative necessity of ensuring the security of France. That was the first thought in the mind of every member. The detailed provisions of the Treaty, important as they were, were wholly secondary to this great purpose. We had just emerged from a frightful war; we had but a single thought — to avoid another war. Our whole attention was centred on that point.

This is the phase of the debate to which I refer. The question had been raised whether we were sure that the article of the Treaty by which the United States and England jointly guaranteed us from attack, and for which we had surrendered our claim to a natural frontier, would be ratified? The speakers who questioned this cited disturbing rumors from the United States indicating that the Treaty might not be approved by her

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Senate. And our Honorable Premier at that time, whom no one can reproach with failing to do his utmost to ensure our country's safety, said: 'I hope that the United States will ratify the Treaty.' When an orator exclaimed: 'But if the Treaty is not ratified by the United States, what will become of the English guaranty?' M. Clemenceau answered: 'I hope that the English guaranty will hold.' Thereupon these doubters still insisted: 'But is n't this British guaranty conditional upon the guaranty of the United States? The two go together, and if one fails, and then the second fails, what will happen?' And I can still see M. Clemenceau lifting his arms and saying: 'Then — then — there would be no Treaty at all. There would be nothing.'

Very well, gentlemen. When the hazard of circumstances put me in office in 1921, I considered it my first duty to devote all the energy, the intelligence, the courage, I possessed to trying to repair that breach. (*Applause from the Left, the Extreme Left, and several benches of the Centre*) I believed that in so doing I should have the support of every public man in my country, no matter to what Party he belonged. At the Cannes Conference, and even before that Conference, negotiations having that end in view were begun with representatives of the British Government. They were received favorably. I recall that at that time gentlemen like Winston Churchill and Austen Chamberlain, whose friendship for France you well know, for they have given ample proof of it (*Excellent! Excellent!*), favored in principle such a guaranty. These gentlemen are again in power. It was understood that a British guaranty would be given. The text of the projected Agreement is now public property.

Simultaneously, gentlemen, the germ of the Geneva Protocol was born at Cannes. We laid the plans there for an all-European conference at Genoa, to which no country was to be admitted until it had signed a pact of nonaggression. That plan contemplated a vast peace-project, a comprehensive international association that we thought we might be able to induce the nations of Europe to enter. Were we contemplating an ordinary alliance between England and France like the others with which we are familiar? Not at all, gentlemen. You will find in the Blue Book which the British Government has published upon these proceedings that our conversations contemplated that, when a treaty of guaranty had been concluded between Great Britain and France, Germany might and ought to become a party to that treaty.

This, gentlemen, is the very essence of the Locarno Pact. When the Honorable M. Herriot secured the acceptance at London of the reparation plan with which you are familiar, the question of a rapprochement between the different nations of Europe naturally arose again. It was necessary for the successful execution of this plan. Then it was that the suggestion of Herr Stresemann — that is, of the German Government — was first conceived. I welcomed that suggestion heartily. I believe that it embodied the very idea I had at Cannes. I feel that all that has happened since 1921 has only strengthened our motives for making such a pact, the necessity of which I clearly see and to the success of which I have contributed to my utmost ability. (*Excellent! Excellent!*)

Gentlemen, I do not regret what I have done. (*Lively applause*) I have not taken the step lightly; I have not acted without mature reflection. Yesterday I heard an honorable member of the Chamber, a member who fought through the war and who fears that we

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may sometime have another war, dwell with great feeling and emotion upon the apparent weaknesses of the Locarno Accord and the dangers that he conceives still threaten us from Germany. He insinuated that I might perhaps be less alive to Germany's intimidating figure because my gaze was too exclusively centred upon France herself. Let me say, gentlemen, that I too lived through the war. We stood together in those tragic hours. That gentleman knows that in the darkest and most agonizing moment of that conflict, during the battle of Verdun, and when our valiant ally, Serbia, reeled under a double blow, the man who had the perilous honor of carrying the crushing responsibilities of the premiership was the man who now stands before you.

I had to look facts in the face. We were at war. We must win. I saw, gentlemen, at that time, sights so horrible and butchery so revolting, my heart so overflowed with anguish, that I swore then and there that if ever we won the victory and the hazard of circumstances called me again to power I would devote all my energy and strength and will and thought to the cause of peace, to preventing a recurrence of such atrocities. (*Lively applause from the Left, the Extreme Left, the Centre, and some benches of the Right*)

But if we are to have peace, we must not merely talk peace. We must have peace in our own hearts. We must have the will to peace. We must seize every occasion and every opportunity to promote peace, for Peace is an exigent mistress — more exigent than War herself.

War can never occur except when some unexpected event sweeps the people off their feet before they have time to reflect. But peace, gentlemen, demands unremitting and continuous service, persistent service, an enduring and uncapricious loyalty. Hypocritical doubt, skepticism, excessive distrust — these things, let me repeat, spell paralysis, and that is not a condition favorable to peace. (*Applause from the Left, the Extreme Left, and the Centre*) Too often is the German nation pictured to us as a compact bloc, impenetrable, from which you cannot detach the smallest particle. A man like Erzberger, who made timid approaches to peace, was to be commended. But when certain public men in France sought hopefully to support his policy, to what ridicule they exposed themselves! People shouted: 'A trap, a snare! Erzberger! A German like all the others!' And a few days later a German chauvinist assassinated the very man they reviled because he considered him a traitor to Germany!

When my former Cabinet was in power in 1921 and we were faced with the impossibility of securing the transfer of the billions of marks of gold which we were to collect from Germany, and therefore had to devise some more practical way of obtaining reparations, we recurred to the idea of deliveries in kind. Was that not really the first step toward the Dawes Plan? But when my colleague, M. Loucheur, began to negotiate with Rathenau, what did they say? 'Rathenau? Why, he 's simply out to trick you.' For that is always the way in our country. We have such a poor opinion of ourselves that the mere announcement that we are negotiating with somebody else is greeted with a protest that we have already been tricked. As if there were no Frenchmen capable of defending the interests of their country! (*Applause from the Left*) Rathenau, too, was a German like the others, and a German, they said, would cheat us. And yet only a short time after he put his signature at the bottom of our contract he too was accused of treason to his

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country and died at the hands of an assassin.

Whenever we embark upon a positive policy we are bound to meet skepticism and distrust, and it takes a certain kind of courage to face it. It is much easier to do nothing. It is simple enough to sit down and let events take their course; or to deliver resounding orations full of patriotic fireworks; or to talk eloquently about peace and do nothing to make peace practicable. But to take a real step toward peace, to make an honest conciliatory gesture, is more difficult. (*Applause from the Left, the Extreme Left, and the Centre*) That is always a dangerous thing for a public man to do.

I do not exaggerate the merits of the Locarno Agreement. I know its limitations. I frankly admit its inadequacies. But I also know that it has provisions of value. One of its greatest services has been to revive confidence among nations, to cast a little sunbeam into Europe's dark and menacing shadows — a ray of hope. (*Lively applause from the Left, the Extreme Left, and the Centre*) It has thus conferred a blessing on our country — where there are so many veils of mourning, where we see so many young war-cripples involuntarily burdening society — because it has helped mothers, when they gaze upon their sons, to hope that these may never suffer like mutilation upon a future battlefield. If that were all the benefit we derived from this document, I tell you I should take pride in having signed it. To encourage such hopes is already a step toward peace.

But this might be a dangerous step if it were not accompanied by more solid things. Gentlemen, if we are to have assured peace, Europe must organize herself. Do you not see, even since Locarno, many a firebrand flaring up here and there, dangerously close to the powder barrels we have not yet removed? If you do not want a new explosion, you must be on your guard.

'Harbor our strength,' you say. Certainly. If there were anything in the Locarno Treaty that involved weakening us, lessening our ability to defend ourselves against any peril, then I should say: 'Do not ratify it. It is your duty to refuse your signature.' But there is nothing of the kind in this Agreement. The Treaty of Locarno does not rob us of any element of our security.

If other pacts are made, conceived in the same spirit, the spirit of the League of Nations; if the disposition of nations becomes more conciliatory; if even in Germany the people turn away from the pernicious counselors who still too often catch their ears, and seriously espouse the cause of peace, it will not be the result of any single piece of paper written in black and white, but of a great movement increasing from day to day and carrying the nations with it. If such a movement once starts in every country regardless of party lines, I am convinced that it will bear us forward into an era of permanent peace. (*Applause from the Left, Extreme Left, and Centre*)

At present we are still at the beginning. Bear that in mind. And this beginning, this germinating hope, we must not crush. One of the members had said that I planted a tiny olive tree on the banks of Lake Maggiore — very pretty to look at, but affording little shade. Gentlemen, I did not do even that. I did not plant even a tiny olive tree, but only a seed. That seed has begun to stir. The surface of the soil is breaking. A tender shoot is seeking the sun. It wants to find it. It will grow unless some brutal foot crushes it. And if, unhappily, it must be crushed, I hope at least that it will not be a French foot that commits that crime.

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(*Lively applause from the Left, the Extreme Left, the Centre, and some benches of the Right*)

Gentlemen, face things as they are with confidence and resolution. Recall the facile sarcasm at first heaped on the League of Nations. That has passed. Those witticisms, those allusions to the Tower of Babel, are things of yesterday. Regardless of such raillery, our greatest and most serious-minded statesmen, supported by the instinctive common-sense of their own peoples, did not laugh. And it is because the League has struck root in the hearts of the common people that it has survived and keeps on growing.

Matter-of-fact men asked: 'How will you keep a sudden war from breaking out? It will have done its damage before you can call your League Council together. And after you have convened your Council, how are you to secure united action? During the interval the conflagration will get beyond control.'

One day when I was Foreign Minister, and had the honor to be President of the League of Nations, a telegram came notifying me that hostilities had actually broken out between two nations and blood had been shed. Armies had crossed frontiers, guns were thundering, rifles were cracking. There was every reason to believe that the conflict might not be confined to the two countries — every cause to fear a repetition of one of those frightful crises when the bloody-pinioned birds of war sweep in sombre flocks across the skies. What was to be done?

I immediately assumed the responsibility incumbent upon me. In accord with the General Secretariat of the League, I convoked at Paris an emergency meeting of the Council and instantly notified the two nations that they must halt their armies. Ah, if any statesman had done that sort of thing a few years before what a butt of ridicule he would have been! The Council of the League met; the two nations summoned before it sent their representatives. We asked them: 'Do you accept our decision as arbiters?' They answered: 'Yes.' I said: 'That is not enough. In order that our arbiters may investigate the circumstances properly, I direct you to recall your troops to your own territories. No more rifles, no more cannon. Nothing but justice.' And those two nations, let it be said to their honor, answered: 'We agree. Our cannon shall be silent. We will withdraw our troops. We await your decision.' Two days later that war was over. (*Lively applause from the Left, the Extreme Left, the Centre, and some benches of the Right*)

Do you know the most terrible thing about a declaration of war? It is that the governments who make them are not their own masters. (*Applause from the Left and the Extreme Left*) An incident occurs; the sensational press exploits it and plays upon the overexcited patriotism of the people; national pride becomes involved; the emotions swamp the reason; and, before the common-sense of the rank and file of the population has an opportunity to manifest itself, war has broken out and the land is covered with blood and ruins. It will always be so until we learn to set up judges between nations as we have set up judges between individuals. (*Lively applause from the Left, the Extreme Left, and the Centre*) I saw in Geneva in 1924 how certain slanders and misinterpreted acts of ours had exposed us to the suspicion of harboring evil designs. I overheard the way they talked about us. Men are now present in this Chamber who were there with me and who know what I mean. It was a most painful experience. I was conscious that the representatives of other Powers held

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aloof from those of France. I saw cold faces, unwarmed by the memory of what our country had done for humanity. And I asked myself whether, were a new war to occur, the world would rally to the banners of France again. When I ascended the tribune at that meeting of the League Assembly as representative of France appointed by the President of this Chamber, at that time Premier, the first delegate to address that body, and perhaps the only one who could have uttered similar words, I said: 'I come here to announce that France signs without reservations the Accord before us and binds herself to accept the decisions of the International Court of Justice.'

I wish I could convey to you the enthusiasm with which that statement was received. Every face was turned, not toward us, but toward the France we represented. Calumnies dropped from us as if by magic, and our country stood forth in all her glory as the great, liberal, generous nation to whose defense the peoples of the world had sprung, believing that in defending her they were defending their own liberties. In a moment France recovered all her moral prestige.

Moral prestige! The Locarno Agreement restores that in all its plenitude by showing that France is ready to clasp the hand of her enemy of yesterday in order to end forever our bloody and tragic wars. 'Ah, the German nation!' you say. Do you suppose, gentlemen, that it was without a certain emotion that I went to that rendezvous on the shores of an Italian lake to meet the German Ministers? Do you not realize that I was filled with complex and disturbing sentiments? But I went. They came. We talked European. That is a new tongue which it would be well for all of us to learn. I must acknowledge that the two gentlemen with whom I conferred showed both moral and physical courage in coming there, in view of the threats against them in their own country. But they understood the new tongue. Do the German people understand it? I hope so.

The German people are a great nation. They have their merits and their faults. They and the French nation have measured strength throughout the centuries on many a blood-steeped battlefield. The last war was the worst of all. It was not a war between armies, but between whole peoples struggling for years in a bloody embrace of death. At length the war was won. The victors came out of it with enhanced prestige, with increased moral grandeur, but, alas, bled white! What nation can indefinitely survive such shocks? And what fear seizes us when we consider that our country in this state of weakness, robbed of the flower of her manhood and crushed with debts, may be exposed, perhaps to-morrow, to another like disaster — and all for lack of some accord that will give us a breathing-space to avoid a war? Locarno may prevent such a catastrophe. Locarno is a barrier against hasty action. Locarno means talking things over. It means an opportunity for the people to recover their reason before blindly flying at each other's throats.

The Treaty of Versailles will always be a source of irritation. It was the fruit of war, of victory. It can be called, and is called, a treaty imposed by force, under duress, that the defeated party is morally justified in repudiating when it can do so. But the Locarno Agreement is voluntary. The frontiers it describes are freely recognized. The obligations it imposes are freely accepted. Some may say that Germany expects to profit by it. That is quite natural. We shall look out for

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our own interest. We too shall resist any attempt to impose upon us. We are a powerful and intelligent nation, and we have many friends.

Need we fear lest the League of Nations be poisoned by the presence of Germany? Why? Several of our 'ex-enemies,' to use the language of the treaties, are already members of that body. And is it a special favor to Germany to make her a member of the Council? Gentlemen, a great nation like Germany must be a member of the Council, if her collaboration in the League is to be of value. (*Applause from the Left and Extreme Left*)

Some one objects: 'Germany is scarcely in the house before she wants to rule it.' Without wishing to be disagreeable, I shall not deny that our neighbors sometimes fail to show all the tact desirable in our discussions. They have their own way of doing things. I do not think it is always the best way. But the League of Nations already has a tradition, an atmosphere, an established procedure. Any new member must conform to this, or it will suffer from its failure to do so. More than that, the League must have a certain unanimity in order to accomplish its purposes. This has produced a spirit of collaboration that rises somewhat above grossly material and selfish objects. We have to reach common accords. Germany will be forced to adapt herself to that situation if she wishes to exercise influence in that body. France believes that Germany has a rôle to play in Europe and in the world. In fact, the very equilibrium of the world depends upon the fact that we have different nations with different characters. To obliterate those diversities, to make it impossible for nations to express their own mentality and racial qualities in an inoffensive and harmless way, would be a crime against humanity. (*Applause from the Left, the Extreme Left, and certain benches of the Centre.*)

It is with this in mind that we should view the future. Justice compels me to say that, in all the wars where France has fought Germany, Germany too has shown herself to be a strong and heroic nation. Are our two countries, then, to fight eternally? Are they to remain forever covered with ruins and desolation? They have made wonderful economic progress; they have built vast factories; they have created great centres of production; and yet every twenty-five years or so armies sweep over them and leave them in flames and ruins. . . .

Faced by such problems as these, I do not think that I have merited ill of my country, nor that I have shown lack of patriotism, because I have had faith in the possibility of an enduring peace; because I have trusted to the ability of France to organize, in coöperation with the other great nations, a true peace; because I firmly believe that we are witnessing the dawn of a new age.

All nations are trying to get closer together. We are all trying to create a Europe that will not be incoherent and anarchic. Do we not see the effects of this anarchy in industry? Do we not behold our huge factories in many cases producing goods beyond the capacity of consumers to absorb? What will happen if our Governments cannot get together and remove the economic competition that causes war? Do you imagine that you can have social peace until this is done? No. The only possible path before us is the path of concord. Of course there will be difficulties. The Locarno shoe will pinch at times. We shall have to break it in. But we shall do so little by little.

As for myself, I should not have measured up to my task if, having the honor to represent my Government, I

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had exhibited so little confidence in my country as to imagine that she would lose moral prestige and material strength by taking part in the discussions that are paving the way for the Europe of to-morrow. In the past France has always been in the vanguard of nations, pointing the way for others to follow, instead of hanging back faint-heartedly, distrustful of her own strength. Can you imagine France acting differently to-day? Never. (*Loud applause from the Left, the Extreme Left, and the Centre*) By sharing in all the negotiations and agreements that promise to better, not only her condition, but the condition of all nations, France is living up to her true character, as she was yesterday, as she is to-day, and as she will be to-morrow.

A TRAGIC CHAPTER IN MEXICAN HISTORY[1]

THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST MADERO

BY JUAN SANCHEZ AZCONA

[DESPITE the greater events that have intervened, many Americans still recall vividly the shock produced in the United States by the news that President Madero, the reforming Berkeley University graduate who had overthrown the Porfirio Diaz régime in Mexico, had been assassinated, together with his colleague in office, while a prisoner in the hands of the man who had usurped his post. This episode has doubtless influenced all subsequent American opinion of political conditions in our neighboring republic. The external facts of the crime are generally known and hardly require a new description, but the following analysis of the conditions and circumstances that lay behind it throws some light into a still obscure recess of history which is not without immediate interest to the people of our country.]

[1] From *El Universal* (Mexican Independent daily), *March* 6

OUR press has recently revived discussion of the crime committed thirteen years ago when the Supreme Magistrates of the Republic, Francisco I. Madero and José María Pino Suárez, were assassinated. This discussion concerned itself with certain definite questions, the answers to which will help us to reconstruct a moral as well as a physical picture of that nefarious deed. But these inquiries have inevitably extended beyond concrete facts, in an effort to establish the guilt or innocence of those suspected of being the remoter accessories or instigators of that act.

A comprehensive answer to the questions thus raised is easy. There is no doubt or mystery as to their answer. The names of those responsible are indelibly engraved on the nation's memory and the opinion of foreign chanceries. All that remains to-day is to assign his fair share of guilt to every person directly or indirectly

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implicated in the crime. We know that it had several instigators, that several actually participated in it, that there was a still larger number of accomplices, and that the list of those who covered up the guilty, who were passive and unprotesting witnesses of what occurred or who intentionally profited by the deed, is a long one. But the chief criminal was Victoriano Huerta. That, I believe, is proved without question. It is a positive, clear, precise historical fact.

I bear in mind all the varying versions of that tragic episode. I understand the very natural motives that color most of these accounts. No man who was a member of any of Huerta's cabinets could frankly accuse him of ordering the double assassination of February 22, 1913. That would be tantamount to a confession that he was Huerta's conscious accomplice, that his personal vanity or ambition had made him an accessory to a nefarious assassination. Naturally no man can be expected to make such a confession. His vanity or ambition blinds him to the enormity of this double murder, although all the rest of the world views it with abhorrence. Some of these apologists have gone so far as to argue that no one should stand morally convicted of the crime so long as the written order to commit it has not been produced! *Risum teneatis!*

If Huerta had been 'surprised and stunned' to learn of the crime, he would naturally have punished immediately the men who committed it. Instead of that, he published an absurd official version in the press, which the members of his Cabinet helped him to circulate, regardless of the opprobrium heaped upon them by the nation at large, and, as soon as the facts were known, by public opinion abroad. They still bear the burden of that infamy, notwithstanding their personal ability and a certain superficial standing that some of them have subsequently managed to regain. The only way they could have kept their reputations clean would have been to resign their posts immediately and irrevocably as soon as the facts were known; but not one of them did so. Relatively less interest attaches to the men who actually committed the crime — mere paid executioners as they were. They belong to that repulsive gunman class that has existed at all times in every country and that unhappily we shall have with us as long as men exist who are willing to stoop to pick their tools out of the dregs of society.

When Huerta, after conferring with his traitorous lieutenants and with the American Ambassador, — conferences that are a matter of public knowledge, — decided to betray and arrest President Madero, his further plan of action was not fully worked out. He had taken the first step in a political crime, and left the further progress of his adventure to that peculiar personal God to whom he so often appealed. For several days he vacillated between different courses of conduct. His nerves were in such a state that he was scarcely rational. He was at the mercy of any suggestion that did not involve weakening his usurped authority, which it was his sole preoccupation to retain. In fact, both the military usurpers, Felix Diaz and Victoriano Huerta, were involved in identical perplexities, although they showed it in different ways. Their followers and advisers were similarly at sea. The diplomatic corps was likewise uncertain how to act, except the honorable few who were honestly indignant and horrified at what was taking place. The American Ambassador, who had been delighted for a moment at the result of what he

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quite rightly regarded as his own work, began to be seriously disturbed over its possible effect at Washington. So he bombarded his State Department with misleading dispatches, in an effort to get its approval for what he had taken it upon himself to do. He could not doubt for a moment that as long as Madero and Suárez, although under arrest, retained their legal status as the Supreme Magistrates of Mexico the Washington Government would continue to treat them as such, and would take prompt and vigorous measures to correct the underhanded and unworthy actions of its intemperate and avaricious representative.

The other members of the diplomatic corps, except three whose names the whole country knows and one who was conveniently absent, trotted after the American Ambassador like a flock of sheep; and residents of the capital, perplexed over what was happening, concealed their true sentiments behind a cowardly mask of acquiescence. Timely measures had been taken to intimidate them by a demonstrative bombardment. The army wavered. It was not very enthusiastic for Madero, but it felt that the President of the Republic was none the less its commander-in-chief. The governors of the different States, with a very few exceptions, were loyal to the constitutional authorities. The Supreme Court was exceedingly averse to any resort to ultralegal measures. A large majority of the Chamber of Deputies supported Madero.

But a group of the older senators, who were inveterate admirers of Porfirio Diaz, encouraged Huerta's ambitions and 'authorized' him to arrest the President of the Republic and the members of his Cabinet. As a result the situation was most precarious. The Mexican people, on learning what was going on, were likely to recover at any moment from their temporary surprise and indecision and to brush aside the little Prætorian band at the capital with a single indignant gesture. So it was necessary to settle things at once. Those implicated in the Huerta movement and the arrest of the President and the Vice-President concentrated all the mental power they possessed upon this task.

Since Madero and Pino Suárez had not been killed when they were attacked in the Cabinet Room, nor at the time they were arrested, it was necessary to preserve their lives as long as they retained their high offices. It was essential to secure their formal resignations, for even in the existing chaos Huerta must have some legal claim to office. If Madero and Suárez could be persuaded to resign, Huerta, under the Constitution then in force, might be made President by recognized legal procedure — by extorting an election from Congress.

But Huerta, the American Ambassador, and the other conspirators knew very well that neither Madero nor Suárez would willingly resign the posts to which they had been elected by popular vote. They had indignantly refused to do so at the suggestion of the meddling Ambassador, although some weak-kneed members of their Cabinet were inclined to advise surrender. Neither of these men was the sort of person to yield to threats, no matter what the circumstances were. But they might be amenable to the pleas of their families, and so the army usurpers and their civilian abetters brought pressure to bear upon Madero and Suárez in this manner. They used frightened relatives who were ready to do anything to save the lives of those dear to them, and one or two pliable members of Madero's Cabinet, to work upon the arrested Chief Executive and his associates.

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Yielding to these methods of persuasion, the two prisoners at length gave their signatures, and the first positive step toward a change of government was taken. But that was not enough; the Chamber of Deputies must accept the resignation. That proved easier, for a group of men is more subservient than its members would be as individuals. The Maderist Chamber would not have betrayed its leader, but it could be intimidated, especially after it had been deceived by a false version of Madero's real wishes in the matter. It is scarcely possible to apportion blame in such an instance. The action of the Legislature under the circumstances was quite natural, and can hardly be attributed entirely to cowardice or indifference.

Nevertheless we now realize that, if Congress had refused by a decisive majority to accept Madero's resignation, constitutional government would have been restored at once, for the army would have rallied to the support of the Legislature and the nation would have stood resolutely behind it. In that case Huerta would have had to wash his hands of the Senate, and the whole episode would have ended in a series of trials, a few executions, and the resignation of several meddling diplomats.

As it turned out, Huerta was able to seat himself in the presidential chair within an hour, whence he again invoked his personal God to aid him in accomplishing his 'patriotic purpose.' He wound up by embracing Felix Diaz, whom he was to betray in turn a short time afterward.

The new *Presidente* immediately appointed a cabinet of men of his own type and temper, and summoned it to deliberate on the fate of the prisoners. None of the new ministers even hinted that Madero and Suárez should suffer death. One recommended that they be tried, but could suggest no charge to bring against them. So it was decided that they should be exiled. I know this upon indubitable authority.

Possibly after the cabinet meeting was over a certain member whose name I cannot mention suggested to Huerta that as long as Madero was alive he would be a rallying-point for Huerta's enemies. That was a mistake, for Madero, stripped of his presidential office, could never have been more than a rebel chief easily enough suppressed. But Madero the martyr inevitably became a symbol of the revolution. However that may be, the usurper rejected contemptuously the advice of his cabinet and acted on his own account. I should like to think that his ministers had no suspicion of what was about to occur, and that the crime honestly revolted them; but instead they all extenuated it and not one of them denounced it. Having overcome their initial scruples, the assassinations and atrocities that followed were the logical fruit of their action.

The publication of the results of the investigations undertaken at different times to determine the details of the tragedy that followed will undoubtedly arouse great interest. But they will not bring the culpable to book, for the principal criminals are dead. One of those chiefly responsible is in his own country, safe from Mexican retribution. But let no one tell us henceforth that the murder of Madero and Pino Suárez is an unsolved crime.

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THE GERMAN YOUTH MOVEMENT[1]

BY ÉMILE CHEVALIER

[NOTWITHSTANDING his French name, the author is a young German twenty-two years old, a so-called *Werkstudent*, who paid his way at the university by manual labor during the inflation period. He has specialized in the history of art.]

ONE of the tasks that impresses the young men of my generation as especially urgent is to define their relation to the world and to God. No thoughtful person in our present age can honorably evade the duty of taking a positive attitude toward current social and religious questions. It is said that the pre-war period was an epoch of materialism. This means not only that most people before the war enjoyed more material blessings than they do now, but that they themselves had become a material — that is, inert clay in the hands of their age. They remained strangers to each other, like different tools in a tool chest. Capitalist society was a mechanical mixture of property-owners without the organic spiritual unity of a people. Its members were merely contemporaries living side by side.

We cannot disregard the disassociating influence of private property. What we chiefly lack just now is that invisible binder which converts a mere physical aggregation of individuals into an organic unit worthy to be called a civilized community. We give this cohesive force the name of love, which manifests itself in two essential phenomena — the first, individual love realized in marriage; the second, social love realized in the State. Among the men of the pre-war period who felt the lack of this binding social tie most keenly I need only mention Nietzsche, whose writings were not truly understood until much later, and Julius Langbehn, whose principal work, *Rembrandt als Erzieher*, 'Rembrandt As an Educator,' was read greedily when it appeared in 1891 but was almost immediately forgotten. The young men of that generation, conscious of the lack of any truly vital meaning in their life, called themselves the Epigones. They reconciled themselves to the idea that 'God was dead,' as Nietzsche declared, and merely kept on living. Not being inspired by any spiritual voice, they were at last roused from their lethargy by a tremendous material crisis, the World War, which in 1914 suddenly shattered to fragments their egoist universe.

This faced them with a problem that brooked no postponement, an imperious reality that thrust itself brutally into their individual destinies. They reacted to it instantly and unanimously, recognizing the supreme right of the community to the individual, the absolute duty of the individual to sacrifice his property and life to his country. The August days of 1914 evoked a veritable passion for sacrifice — for sacrifice as an end in itself. One might almost say that our young volunteers craved death. In a single

[1] From *La Revue de Genève* (Swiss political and literary monthly), *February*

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day the world that but yesterday was so narrow and selfish became transformed into something grand and free; the self-centred egoism in which that generation had been immured was suddenly rent asunder at the magic touch of a great inspirational idea.

When we recall the ideals and the personalities to whom the sympathy of those who remained at home went out during the war, we realize what a significant change of attitude that event produced. In the first blush of the conflict, the nation's idealism turned toward the individual, the triumphant commander, the hero, whom victory and glory had elected for universal admiration. But as the war went on, individual glory faded, supplanted by the ideal of the nation as a whole. A concept to which we were utter strangers when the war broke out later took complete possession of us: it was that of the common soldier, *der Feldgrau*, symbolizing the army in the trenches. Thus was developed our first vivid idea of the people as an entity.

To-day we no longer pay honor to individuals, but to all the men who fought — in Germany, 'to our war victims,' in France, 'to the Unknown Soldier.' Such a notion did not exist in 1914. The reason for this change is that the man of education and culture when he first entered active service discovered with a sort of shock that the man of the common people who marched shoulder to shoulder with him and shared the trenches with him was his comrade and friend — a man. He saw that outside the little circle of individuals to which he belonged by the chance of birth there was a whole nation, his nation, which he had never recognized before. At length common suffering and common misery welded all classes, superior and inferior, into the 'sacred union of the trenches'; and for many this was the greatest experience of the war.

As the war went on and became immobilized on a battle-line far beyond the borders of the Fatherland, men doomed to solitude and exile in an enemy country, and to the long watches of the trenches, began to ask themselves such questions as these: 'Why are we here? What will happen when we are no longer here?'

In this way an army which at the outset had been a machine in the hands of the War Lord became the people in arms. The idea of the Fatherland dominated everything. The mind was never free from that thought. The war for the Emperor and the Empire became the war for the Fatherland and the people. This carried with it eventually consciousness of being a single people whose sufferings were common sufferings.

Thus it happened that the young men of the rising generation were irresistibly forced to feel the living reality of the Fatherland, which prior to 1914 had been only an abstract notion, a word bandied in patriotic celebrations. Their pre-war apathy was replaced by a powerful emotion. That was the distinctive feature of this period.

Then came the end. The young men who returned from the front in 1918 found a world entirely different from the one that they had left four years before. Those who had fought for the Fatherland throughout that period now had to fight a new battle — the battle to recover their country. On their return they met a new generation of young men growing up, young men already schooled in the serious problems of life. These boys just attaining manhood felt intensely, and naturally with the exaggeration to be expected from youthful enthusiasts, the spirit of protest against the impiety

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and materialism of the world that only a few rare individuals had felt before the war. As a result their attitude was more negative than positive. They instinctively, even though oftentimes in misguided ways, combated everything in the old régime that seemed to them moribund, ugly, unworthy of humanity. But they had nothing to set up in its place. There was practically nothing in the old civilization they could utilize. And for a moment they had an impulse to destroy, root and branch, the little that remained. They wanted to reconstruct life from the foundation. In reading what was written at that time one is struck by the fanaticism with which young men preached anarchy, and indeed chaos.

Nevertheless, a definite task thrust itself upon them — to create new values. In their campaign of protest against rigid capitalism and brutal egoism they began to preach the notion of *Eros* — of love for one's fellow men, for the universe, for God.

I purposely avoid applying the word renaissance to the idea of re-creating the nation that seized upon young Germany just after the war. That word immediately evokes the idea of antiquity. Nothing could be more alien to the contemporary spirit of Germany than the spirit of antiquity. Whatever words we use to express that contrast, between the Gothic and the Classic of Worringer, the Faustian and the antique of Spengler, the Germanic and the Latin of Nietzsche, we in each instance try to express the distinction between the ever-becoming and the ever-being — between the dynamic and the static concept of society. Now the disposition of the young Germans of my generation is to derive the character of the new men of our day from the character of the nation. It is significant that we are alienated from, and even hostile to, the generation of our fathers. There is abundant evidence of this in our current drama, which so generally depicts the tragic conflict between father and son. Notwithstanding this, however, we are constantly seeking strength and inspiration from all the generations that preceded the one immediately ahead of us.

Two of these older epochs have had a preponderant influence — the Thirty Years' War, and the age of romanticism. At both those periods in our history the people, the unanimous masses, occupied the front of the stage with their struggles and with their poetry; for no age in German history except our own has had so keen an appreciation as had the romantic period of the mysterious influence of popular poetry.

Let me add here that the young men of to-day have conceived an extraordinary enthusiasm for pedestrian tours. These are not regarded as a recreation, but rather as an expression of the more intimate emotions of the individual. This is indicated by the name these traveling students take — *Wandervögel*, 'Birds of Passage.' The motives that impel them to make these trips are various. First of all, naturally, is the desire to know better the Fatherland that has become so dear to them. But actually these tramping-tours have no explicit object; they are a sort of automatic reaction, an expression of a fundamental dynamic conception of the world. The young German of to-day would have to go somewhere even if his path took him across a desert. His object and destination are immaterial. He is driven on by a strange restlessness within him. These peregrinations are accompanied by old popular songs full of the melancholy wisdom of experience, by soldiers' songs, sad or frivolous, by the very.

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songs in many instances that were sung by the wandering troopers of the Thirty Years' War. The walkers are drawn on and on by the strange longing that they express figuratively as 'the quest of the blue flower' — a romantic symbol for the attraction that distant things exercise upon so many of us. This undefinable state of mind, echoed in the vague and endlessly varying cadences of popular song, seems to the Wandervögel the very essence of the German soul; they think it symbolizes life, which is an eternal arriving and departing.

The only notion besides those of Chaos and Eros that we have borrowed from the Greek is that of rhythm, of eternal movement. In its religious aspect it is direct and mystical union with God; in its social aspect it is harmonizing ourselves with the great undertones of national life. Musical figures seem to me the only ones that even approximately express this unconscious sentiment.

So a great social-spiritual awakening has come in Germany, after a period when 'God was dead.' This impulse to transcend the narrow cell of the individual, to surrender one's self to supra-individual forces, is essentially religious. Its metaphysical self-sacrifice to society has no connection with political and economic socialism. The characteristic feature of religion is worship of a mysterious power that we cannot rationally conceive. We are all conscious of a romantic craving for mystery. We feel an impulse to consider the physical world merely a symbol aiding us to understand something greater that lies behind it. This is what lifts us above the materialism of the pre-war generation. But this instinctive impulse, which drives us to seek new points of view, interferes with wholesome reflection. Our metaphysical trend creates myths and encourages to excess the imagination. It has the dangerous effect of substituting confused and fantastical notions for clear, experiential facts.

For example, it is most disturbing to observe to what an extent the war was itself transformed into a myth as soon as it was over. The terrible became sublime. In the same way the social question became a social myth. We dreamed of creating a State where our people would be fully emancipated from the narrowness of their egoistic life and would live in an atmosphere of grandeur and freedom; and this vision of the future made us forget the practical tasks of the present. It is characteristic that in Germany a young generation, intensely alive to its duty of establishing social and human relations on a new basis, thinks it can dispense with politics. For most of the men of my age are nonpolitical. They are so absorbed in their ideals that they would reconstruct the world by building the roof before they have laid the foundations.

Unquestionably the young men of my generation have done great service to German culture by reviving our old popular songs and ancient folklore, our bygone dances and games, and our early customs. But they are still far from having accomplished their great task of creating a new Fatherland. None the less, they have prepared the soil. Certain groups that have not started out from complete chaos, but have applied themselves methodically to building upon tried and tested foundations, have been more successful. For example, the young Catholics have a society, the Quickborn, that employs in this reconstruction the inexhaustible material supplied by the Catholic Church. In a word, the new Youth Movement in Germany is a single movement only in so far as it is inspired by one idea

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— the idea of substituting something different and better for what we had before the war. As to the ways and means of doing this, there are innumerable divergencies of view.

As a matter of fact, moreover, a new Youth Movement has existed in Germany for twenty years, and it has been a force to be reckoned with for perhaps a dozen years. It produced during the war young officers like Walter Flex, who wrote the book, *Wanderer zwischen beiden Welten* — 'Voyager between Two Worlds.' As to these 'voyages,' we should bear in mind that it takes courage as well as enthusiasm to start out without destination or money, without knowing whether one will pass the night in a farmhouse or under the open sky, or whether the comrade with whom he may fall in will be a lord or a valet; to have for one's only guide desire to find God and the world. Many of those who have joined this movement have been simply ordinary vagabonds, but the vast majority have been serious-minded idealists. It is certainly a new and a vigorous life that takes this way to express itself, and it is building up in Germany a new type of robust and virile young men.

The youth of Germany are also trying to work out a new form of society by organized effort. They have formed groups and federations where every individual obligates himself to assist his neighbor, where the hardships and burdens of life are to be borne in common. Some of these groups are inclined to consider all private property as defrauded from the community. They even go to the extreme of asserting that our very personalities are not truly our own, but that the community has first claim to them; that the young man has no right to devote his strength and his faculties to the gratification of his own tastes, but that he is under a moral obligation to place himself entirely at the service of his fellow men. They argue that two million of our brothers laid down their lives for the rest of us during the war, and that it is incumbent upon the present generation to pay that debt; that the men of our age are beginning life, not the happy heirs of the ages, but burdened debtors of the past.

Just now the number of such groups and societies is legion. The efficiency of the movement is probably weakened by this dispersion. All these federations are striving to work out, each for itself, a practical solution for what they conceive to be the fundamental problem of life. The members of all of them are filled with the common conviction that the only riches worth seeking are the riches of the heart and mind; that it serves a man nothing to gain the whole world if he loses his own soul. It is this intense desire to lay up riches within himself that makes so many of them hate what they call 'intellectual capitalism' — the dead and barren knowledge that isolates itself from the vital thought and enthusiasm of the new age. Education means for these young people, not acquiring facts, but ripening in wisdom. The movement can at least be credited with having taught the German students of to-day that the true value of instruction lies not in its quantity but in its assimilation. This conviction has already influenced our school curriculum, which is rapidly being re-formed with the idea of turning out men instead of savants.

In order to get into closer contact with real life, the young men of Germany seek the most elementary experiences. They go out into the country to learn from actual association with peasants and laborers the attitudes and fundamental notions that the city man, especially the educated

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city man, has never learned. They wish to feel, as part of the real rhythm of existence, morning, noon, and night; to experience with their full force the changing moods of nature; to learn what it is to be hungry and thirsty, to suffer from heat and cold — in a word, to know intimately as a part of their own experience all the phases of the dream of existence. It is only thus, they say, that one can become a complete man. There is something of the simplicity and the grandeur of the first Franciscan fathers in this conception — the same renunciation of worldly wealth, the same stress upon the value of immaterial treasures, the same humble garb, the same passion to get closer to God and His creation. I may add that the German Youth Movement demands of its adherents total abstinence from alcohol and tobacco.

The numerous organizations belonging to this movement vary radically in their form and methods. Experience proves that the more durable are those with the strongest central government and the strictest interior discipline — that is to say, those that are ablest led. No matter how devoted the members may be to the society itself, permanence generally depends upon one or two powerful leaders. Such leadership does not contradict the principles of these organizations; in fact, loyalty to a chosen leader is part of the brotherhood spirit.

So our Wandervögel, with their leaders and companions forming united troops, go about the country learning to know the Fatherland, seeking new experiences, trying to live of their own motion and upon their own responsibility a true, realistic, complete life.

THE FOOLISH GHOST

BY R. W. POVEY

[*New Statesman*]

By day, my heart is like a market place
Where loud-voiced merchants wrangle, sell, and buy,
Where one may never see the selfsame face
Twice in the stirring crowd, where tricksters ply,
Where little urchins sport upon the ground,
And cunning, lean, old mendicants abound.
By night, the noisy riot of the day
Is strangely dead. . . . Silenced each merchant's tone,
The tricksters' booths are dumbly packed away,
And all the square is dark, and chill, and lone
Save for a wistful, foolish ghost, who sings
Of love that passed — and other idle things.

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MIRAGE — OR MIRACLE?[1]

BY BORIS PILNIAK

A STEAMER flying the flag of the Soviet Republic lay in Odessa harbor under full steam, ready to put to sea. A boatswain and sailors were washing down the decks, and the scrubbed planks looked ready to reflect sunshine, had there been any; but instead there was a late October drizzle, and a heavy fog-bank hung over the water outside the harbor's mouth. At noon emigrants began to come aboard. A crane dropped into the hold trunks, suitcases, baskets, bundles, mattresses, cupboards, troughs. People streamed across the decks carrying bundles wrapped in rags and articles of every description — feather beds, bedding, birch-bark hampers. One lugged a graphophone; another stowed a basket containing two live geese under a lifeboat.

They were Jews, five hundred steerage passengers returning to Palestine, which their ancestors had left two thousand years ago. Upon the decks, in the gangways, under the lifeboats, around the two funnels, were stacked heaps of miscellaneous objects, as if they had been hastily dragged there out of a burning house. On top of these, beds were made and women with children made themselves comfortable. Old men looked for vacant spots, where they spread a small rug, put the *tfiln* upon their foreheads, covered their shoulders with the *tales*, and began to pray in Hebrew, only to be driven away to make room for new heaps of infants, pillows, samovars, and other articles. Loud conversation filled the air, in mixed Hebrew and Russian. The ship smelled of the ghetto.

Soon the decks, which had been so carefully washed down that morning, were littered with watermelon rind, chicken bones, and scraps of paper; and litter fairly bulged out of baskets and boxes. By nightfall every inch of space was packed with people and luggage — one had to step over them. Out into the gray dusk sped a subdued murmur of prayer, strange to the Russian ear, and the dense crowd was black.

Night came. The captain finished his coffee and ordered the last whistle to be blown. The first mate reported that young Zionists from Tarbut had gathered in the forecastle, where they were holding a meeting and flourishing a blue Zionist flag. The captain put on his black-leather coat and climbed upon the bridge as the steamer's siren shrieked. As soon as this subsided another wailing noise rose from the ship suggesting tears, laments, and maledictions. Arms were raised toward Heaven, and faces were anxiously lifted upon thin, skinny necks. The rhythm of a chant was audible — a guttural, monotonous chant of doom steeped in memories of blood and bitterness, a hymn about Zion and the preëternal chosen destiny of this people bound toward Zion once more. A roaring command from the captain suddenly silenced the crowd: 'Shut up, at the forecastle there! Pilot, have the leaders arrested!'

[1] From *Krasnaia Nov* (Moscow literary and current-affairs monthly), *January*

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A stampede followed. Someone kicked somebody else. Another called his neighbor a *jid* [the insulting word for Hebrew], and a great tumult arose.

'How is that? Upon a Soviet ship — and jid?'

'You have called me a jid already?'

'You are a rowdy, a scoundrel, a beast!'

'Shut up!' from the captain. 'Put them into the chain locker!'

'Citizen Captain! I 've been struck upon the neck!'

'Shut up, there! Pilot Pogodin, bring these trouble-makers to the bridge!'

'Yes, sir!'

'Listen, there!' The captain spoke more calmly. 'Zionists, when we are out in the open sea you may sing from five to nine in the evening and from nine to twelve in the morning. Shut up! Take these disturbers to the chain locker. You 'll sing out in the open sea!'

The wind grew colder. The lighthouse already twinkled far behind them and one by one the harbor lights disappeared. An old Jew clad in a long *lapserdak*, his gray beard reaching to his waist, stood leaning against the rail at the stern. He was going to the Wailing Wall at Jerusalem to shed there all the tears still left him, and then to die happy and dry-eyed in the promised land of Jehoshaphat. He gazed back toward the land where his forefathers were born and where they had lived for centuries under persecution, and he wept as he bade it farewell. He had cursed that country where his dispersed people dwelt — he could not do otherwise; but he could not help weeping. Yet he would kiss with his withered lips the soil whither he was bound — he would press his aged bosom against that earth; and those kisses and that embrace would be the most passionate of his life.

The lighthouse twinkled no longer — it was lost in the darkness. The night was black, the wind piercing. The old man made his way back to his baggage. Here beds were spread, people slept wearily, and a small electric light was burning. Upon a basket-trunk lay a woman — she slept while her head dangled over the edge. Upon a feather bed behind the boxes reposed a whole family. A cage with a canary bird hung before the light, and the bird was awake. In the gangway lay an old man sound asleep, his head upon a knapsack. Upon a bench two young women drowsed, clasping each other tightly to keep from falling off; and under the bench a young man had laid himself to rest and was smoking before going to sleep. All the other space was covered with luggage. The old Jew sat down near his wife and their youngest child, put on the tales and the tfiln, opened his prayer book and read, noiselessly moving his lips. Some ten ancient elders like himself sat in different places with their opened books. The old man was carried away by his devotion, and when he came upon a sentence that described Jehovah as a stern but just God he raised his head and chanted it out loud. Instantly the other old men responded, and soon a strange, reverent, passionate singsong rose from the decks.

Meanwhile upon the forecastle a youth stood, dressed in a leather jacket, military breeches, and brand-new rubber overshoes. If a searchlight had been thrown upon his face at that moment, its expression would have appeared serene, severe, and determined; but it would also have shown that the youth was in poor health and probably already stricken with tuberculosis. He wore eyeglasses, and stood erect, with his head thrown back, looking straight into the darkness, breasting the wind that struck him with full force. The ship had begun to roll, the sea swished, and the forecastle rose and

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fell ponderously in the foaming water. This youth, when bidding farewell to a young girl in the harbor, had shouted to her, 'Next year — in Jerusalem!' and had sung the Zionist hymn with great fervor. There, ahead of him, was the Promised Land. The old men went to weep at the Wall of Tears, but he was bound for Tel Aviv, to pave roads, to plant gardens, to raise grapes and castor-oil beans, to dig wells, and to drain the Tiberiad fever swamps. He was going to liberate himself from strangers and to relieve them of his presence. He was going to build himself a home with his own hands, with pickaxe and spade — he, the son of a great people ever in exile but never lost. Through the night and the wind he saw in mental vision the foothills of Zion, Arabian breezes heavy with heat and dust; and in a perspective of red sand stood a city with high crenelated walls rising above a flat plateau. Caravans of camels go toward that city — but he and his brethren will build roads there, to the very verge of India, and will turn the arid desert, with its palms and Bedouins, into orange groves. There in Palestine, after a lapse of two thousand years, the ancient tongue has been reborn — and who knows but perhaps there, between rocks, near a cactus-clothed ravine where a bright stream runs giving new life to the desert, he will whisper again to the far-away girl a story of love, as he had whispered it to her once before back in their native *mestechko*, in the government of Vitebsk?

Seven of the passengers were from his mestechko, four youths and three girls, and the seven camped together under a lifeboat. These were the group that had succeeded in smuggling their Zionist banner past the customs and police and had unfurled it on shipboard and had sung the Zionist hymn. When the captain ordered silence they held counsel whether to continue singing or not, and this young man had advised them to obey on the presumption that their singing interfered with the officer's commands. Now he was going to sleep. He took off his shoes together with the rubbers, put his stockings into the shoes, and wormed himself in between his sleeping friends, modestly adjusting the skirts of one of the sleeping girls. She did not awake, but another girl and another youth woke up; and the one who had just joined them said to them in a low voice, using the ancient language with difficulty: —

'In Palestine the English work to divide the Hebrew and the Arabs. We must hold counsel together how to make friends with the Arabs. Later on we shall both have to fight the English.'

By this time different groups began to stand out from the mass. Under the steps leading to the spar deck camped a family of Bokhara Jews. Their costumes and manners reflected the thousand years they had spent among the Uzbegs. The mother wore an Uzbeg khilat, and lay on a variegated feather bed under a very broad silken cover, gathering her children around her. She had lain there ever since the ship put out to sea, and had evidently decided not to budge. The father left the feather bed once in a while to visit another family from Bokhara at the other end of the ship, and to play dice; at such times the mother would cut watermelons into huge slices and distribute them among the children. A heap of watermelon rind lay at their side, and near it stood their night vessel.

Mountaineer Jews from Caucasus, every one of them handsome, also kept together, and seemed to have brought with them something of the Caucasian peaks and gorges — they were tall, leisurely, elastic-stepping men. Ukrain-

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ian Jews were larger and more robust than those from Poland and Lithuania. Most of the Lithuanian Jews were small artisans of puny build. Upon the spar deck lived a family of Sabbathists — Ukrainians who accepted Judaism. The husband knew Hebrew besides his Ukrainian, but his wife could speak only her native Ukrainian tongue. All day long she sat in a typical pose of a Russian peasant woman at rest.

The old men requested the captain to allow them a special room for prayer, and he assigned them part of the hold where there was no light. Their scanty candles could not dispel the darkness. The place smelled like the ghetto, the way it always smells in ship holds. There the old men sat upon the floor or upon whatever happened to be there, in their tales and tfilns and with leather-bound books upon their knees, and chanted prayers that could be heard all over the deck above. There was no ventilation in the hold, the smoke from candles made their eyes smart, the heat was intense, but at all times of the day and the night these people prayed to the unknown, awesome Adonai — prayed frantically, passionately, resignedly.

At the same time young people held meetings upon the forecastle. There were very few passengers in the first and second class — dentists and artists. Their wives were well fed and fat, and lounged on deck chairs, where they received much attention from young pilots and volunteers.

When they reached the Bosporus they had to stop for disinfection. It never hurts people to bathe, but the way the Turks drove those people, who otherwise were not permitted to touch Turkish soil, to the bathhouse seemed humiliating. Everybody knew the night before what was going to happen. Women began to whisper and argue with each other, and the old ones among them went to the captain and asked to be spared the bathhouse ordeal, explaining their ailments in detail. The captain was angry at first, but then began to enjoy the situation, and told the women that in Turkish baths eunuchs washed everybody, and that the women would have their heads washed with a special Persian mud which would make their hair fall out, because the Mohammedan law prescribes bald heads, and so forth. One old woman, panic-stricken, suddenly affected a condition too delicate to allow her to go to the bathhouse; until even her women friends began to laugh at her, and extracted a good-sized pillow from under her dress. The ship cast anchor in front of the bathhouse. Turkish policemen and sanitary officers with good-natured faces climbed upon the deck. The little houses under the plane trees peacefully sent their smoke to the mountains and the sky, into the blue spaces of Anatolia. The doctor began to call the list: Rosenfeld, Gelikman, Frenkel, Katz, Jamaiker!

'Jamaiker!'

Nobody answered. They hunted for Jamaiker all over the ship, but it took long to find him. He was somewhere under the shafts in the engineroom. Two Turkish policemen led out on deck a very emaciated old man with a wedge-shaped beard. His face expressed terror, his beard trembled. He jabbered excitedly, explaining that the names of his wife and child were put down with a different party of bathers from the one to which he was assigned, and that he wanted to go together with his wife. The boat was waiting below, packed with people, and an educated emigrant in glasses and carrying a sack with his clean linen called indignantly: —

'Comrades, what is the meaning of these jokes? I request you to attend to the business earnestly, and I don't

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understand why you make so much noise, and I see no reason — '

Soon after the ship came out into the Mediterranean there was great noise upon the poop. An old Jew, returning at night from the prayer-room, failed to find his daughter among the sleeping family and, setting out upon a search, found her behind the anchors, with a young man. He consigned her to damnation, and on the following morning a crowd of old men, together with the father, invoked the ritual curse upon her head. She stood close to the rail while the bony hands of the patriarchs hung over her in condemnation and graybeards stood around her in a dense circle. It seemed strange that she did not jump overboard from shame, and that the old men merely cursed her and did not stone her to death. But she was quiet, and whenever her gaze met that of one of the elders she repeated her explanation: —

'What of that? Well, I 'm from Tarbut, and my betrothed is from Tarbut, and — '

At Saloniki, where, as in Smyrna, whole blocks still lie in ruins, a family of Greek Jews, *sephardim*, came aboard — an old grandmother, father, mother, and children. These were Jews of the second era of dispersion — the Spanish one. Their ancestors had parted with the ancestors of those on board the Russian ship fifteen centuries ago, and of course they knew not a word of Russian. The sun was blazing mercilessly at Saloniki, the day was golden and blue, and upon the deck the whole family, from the old woman who walked ahead, down to the four-year-old, wept, stretching out their arms and uttering ejaculations in the ancient tongue; and all of them hysterically, passionately, like brothers and sisters separated for years, fell into the arms of those on board and kissed every one.

Ahead, beyond the blue haze of the sea, lay Palestine, that land of sun-baked stone, sand, and heat; where nine months in a year there is no rain, and clouds of red dust hover constantly above the earth.

The night before the ship reached port an electric storm raged over the sea, and all night long the Jews prayed before their entry into Palestine, that beautiful, promised land, the fatherland they and their fathers had longed for for two thousand years. They prayed in terror before the raging elements and the thunder sent upon them by Adonai; they prayed as one prays before death. Then, at daybreak, a yellow streak of desert sand and rock emerged from the blue sea, and hazy mountains were visible beyond the yellow. People went out upon the deck, having donned their best clothes — many only to emphasize their poverty, wearing at this early hour things suitable only for evening. The water was green, the sky so blue that it seemed like paint. The ship was scrubbed spotless. The colors of sunshine, water, sky, and ship were harsh and primitive, without half tones, as if cut out with scissors. The coast drew near; palms, white clusters of houses, two steamers in the harbor, feluccas, and kaiks became visible, and a motor-boat darted toward the ship. The people on deck stood sober and solemn — the Zionists in an orderly group, ready to intone their hymn, those in the back rows holding the blue banner. The old men and the women were ready to fall upon the sacred ground and kiss it.

Three Englishmen from the motor-boat boarded the ship. The Zionists on deck shouted 'Hurrah!' sang the hymn, waved greetings; the old men threw themselves forward, to find out, to ask questions. Not a muscle moved in the dry, wind-tanned English faces. They passed the throng as if the deck

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were empty, ascended the bridge, smiled, shook hands with the captain, asked about the weather, told a joke. The captain, a Russian, made expansive gestures, repeating many times his 'very mutch' and 'yes,' laughed, offered them Russian vodka and caviar. The Englishmen did not refuse, and the snow-white steward began to fly back and forth, with glistening coffee-pot, napkins, plates, past the waiting Jews.

The Englishmen seemed worried, and over the vodka debated the situation with the captain: to-morrow, on the anniversary of Lord Balfour's declaration, an Arab anti-Jewish demonstration was expected. Besides, they could not admit the immigrants until they had been disinfected and quarantined. The disinfecting station could handle only three hundred people a day, while the quarantine station was exposed to an Arab attack. The captain laughed, repeated his expansive gestures, and explained to the Englishmen that every day's demurrage cost him two hundred pounds, and that passengers must be fed. So they debated over the vodka for more than an hour, after which one of them came out and told the crowd in Russian that the authorities would receive here, in Jaffa, three hundred steerage passengers in alphabetical order, besides the first and second class, who could land without quarantine. The other three hundred would be taken to Port Haifa, to the Haifa quarantine station. He told the Jews that they must be prudent, forbade them to sing their hymn, and impressed upon them their duty to respect the prejudices and wishes of the Arabs to whose land they had come as guests. He also said that as he was approaching the steamer he had observed from his motor-boat their Zionist flag, and directed them to leave that flag with him, the English officer.

The crowd stood petrified. The Englishman, in a firm voice, asked them not to keep him waiting, but he did not touch the flag himself. He merely ordered a sergeant to take it when it was brought out. Then the English officers returned to their motor-boat, without another word to the crowd; and the passengers on the steamer saw the blue shreds of their banner, torn to bits, swimming on the sea. By that time the glow of joy in the eyes of these people, who had at length reached their promised land, was extinguished. A forlorn-looking crowd stood there on deck, just as in the times of dispersion or persecution, when every Jew instinctively tries not to seem a Jew.

Then a commission of local Jews came, to begin the official examination of the newcomers. There were no greetings; the commission sat down and began to call out names from the alphabetical list. A line of Arabs stood along the deck and down the gangplank. The nearest one seized the passenger who answered the roll-call and threw him or her down to the next Arab, who stood on the gangplank and threw the passenger to the next one down, and so forth, until the bewildered, screaming, moaning, or squealing passenger was seated on a bench in the boat and received a moaning and screaming neighbor next to him before he could catch his breath or settle himself comfortably. When the boat was packed full it put off — not toward the soil that they had waited so long to embrace, but to a disinfecting station where grown-up people were being scrubbed on command.

Their home-coming was ended — or was it only begun?

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AN EXPLORER IN MAYFAIR[1]

BY JOHN SHAND

> The Quality in Arlen are unstrained,
> Their doings drop as gentle news from Heaven
> Unto the Plain beneath.
> — SHAKESPEARE (R. V.)

I HAVE never seen Mr. Michael Arlen, but I can imagine that, like all explorers, he is tall, strong, and valiant. I am of no such courageous stuff myself, but I have a great admiration for all those whose delight it is to adventure into unknown parts. In common with many people of sedentary occupation, I like to read the histories of men of action. Books of exploration I especially adore, and I have read all those books in which Mr. Arlen tells of his discovery of that strange country, Mayfair. And as, in reading, I grew familiar with the manners and customs of the strange creatures that inhabit this country, so I became more and more certain that here had been found a race which, contrary to all laws of anthropology, bore no resemblance to humanity, except in such superficial things as dress and shape. As I learned what strange things these Mayfairs did, I marveled at Mr. Arlen's intrepidity in mixing among them; as he told me their reasons for doing these things, my eyes grew round as any schoolgirl's with astonishment, and my tongue did praise Mr. Arlen in that he was as ingenious in writing of his adventures as he had been courageous in making them possible.

Mr. Arlen's books are very entertaining. Perhaps the style is a trifle pedestrian; but it carries his stories smoothly along; and if these Mayfairs — as these people are called — talk more like the characters of Henry James than they behave like them, that is possibly more their fault than the author's. Let us be thankful that in Mr. Arlen we have an exception to the tedious ruck of scribbling travelers. Travel books are generally so boring that one finds it quite impossible to believe that anything so dull can really have happened to anybody, whereas Mr. Arlen's works are so full of incredible people doing such incredible things that one finds it quite impossible not to believe everything he tells us. This makes the records of his exploration in Mayfair exceptionally entertaining and instructive.

Mayfair, it seems, is bounded on all sides by uninhabitable desert. The explorer suggests that it is owing to this isolation that the Mayfairs have developed into such singular creatures. Certainly it is for this reason that the world has for so long remained in ignorance of them; and only through Mr. Arlen's courage in journeying across the desert are we able to sit safely at home and read about them. For years, the explorer tells us, he

[1] From the *Adelphi* (London literary monthly), *March*

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dwelt in a vile spot called Shepherd's Market, where he learned something of the speech and manners of the Mayfairs as a preparation to making an entrance into their country. Without this apprenticeship he would have been instantly discovered as a stranger, and his death would have been immediate and dreadful. He would have been thrown to the lions, large numbers of which animals the Mayfairs always have inside their houses.

Having learned the language and assumed the manners of these people, he entered boldly into their country.

One of the most remarkable attributes of the Mayfairs is some sort of power over the supernatural. Eyebrows may go up at this, but, as Mr. Arlen suggests, how else but by the possession of magic powers can their way of living be explained? Apparently these people have their every want anticipated and supplied. The richest foods, the finest wines, the costliest clothes, are theirs for the taking. Yet in Mayfair, as the explorer shows it to us, there is nothing but palaces, and all around it is uninhabitable desert: no fields, no vineyards, are cultivated, no silkworms reared. Although there are no mechanical luxuries, from trains to telephones, that these people do not use, the explorer could find no natural means by which they could have been made. There were no factories and no workers. So far as he could find out, the only occupations of the Mayfairs were promiscuous love-making, and a sort of philosophical game, called epigram-making, in which they tried to define something they did not believe in the smallest possible number of words.

When the Mayfairs want a motor-car, a house party, or an airplane, all that they have to do is to say, 'I want it.' At once a limousine is purring outside the door, the house party is arranged, the airplane is taking them for a flight. The Mayfairs take everything they want without question. They accept the presence of food, of motor-cars, as they accept the air they breathe; and since Mr. Arlen could see that they did not make anything themselves, and since he could not see who else was making anything for them, in the end he concluded that the palaces, the clothes, the meals, were all prepared by magic.

I can come to no other conclusion myself. You are inclined to think that Mr. Arlen romances? Read his books, observe the habits of these Mayfairs, and then try to explain how it is that without labor these people possess all those things which in Europe and America are the reward only of a lifetime of honesty, thrift, and hard work. You can explain it only by magic. Since these people are able to obtain everything without visible means, the means by which they obtain them must be invisible. That, as Mr. Arlen would say, is a logical sentence. These Mayfairs are able to live in a manner which only the best and most intelligent of human beings can afford; yet, as the author shows us, they are neither intelligent nor good; and certainly they do not work. Since, then, they have the best of everything without deserving it, — that is, in a way contrary to that which obtains among ourselves, — the answer to the conundrum must be an unreasonable one. So I accept the notion that they are magicians.

Apparently these people — 'these charming people,' as the explorer sometimes calls them — are as civilized as ourselves. They have no religion, no convictions, no creative powers; they eat more than they want, drink more than they need, talk more than they have to say, and live entirely for pleasure without being pleased. Although they are not intelligent, they are

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subtle — so subtle that they can do nothing but the wrong thing at the wrong moment in an unexpected manner. Indeed, they live such extraordinarily useful and happy lives that they surpass even the highest standards of modern European civilization; but if, as Mr. Arlen suspects, they are descended from humanity, it must have been a very long time ago. How long ago cannot be estimated, as unfortunately there were no records which the explorer could examine. On being asked where they came from, they replied that they did not know; and where they were going to they knew not either. Having no interest in the past, they have no historians; and having no interest in the future, they have no prophets. They live only for the moment, and find little enough to interest them in that. Having nothing much to do but eat, they sit themselves down before elaborate meals; but not having had enough to do since the last meal to make them hungry, they leave most of the food untouched upon their plates. Having nothing much to do but to make love, they pursue one another; but having had nothing else much to do except to make love, they soon grow tired of one another, and commence pursuing someone else. This is called The Pursuit of the Ideal Mate; and as it involves a constant change of partners with no risk of becoming satisfied with any one of them, it is extremely popular. Having, at length, exhausted all appetite for food and love, they find themselves with even less than nothing to do. At this stage they commence scandalmongering on an extensive scale, and they talk scandal of one another in phrases so pregnant with meaning that Mr. Arlen has been unable to make them intelligible; but having no religion, no convictions, and no desires, they soon find even scandal unexciting. Their craving for variety becomes at last so intense, and their means of gratifying it are so unlimited, that their lives become one monotonous whirl of change. At this point they step into a powerful racing-car, and, jamming a green hat upon their heads, they set out along the road. Crying in a loud voice, 'For Purity!' they end their career by dashing at full speed into a large tree called Harrods. This tree is so called because it ends variety by putting it all in one place.

By now you may be sufficiently interested in these Mayfairs to wish to read Mr. Arlen yourself. I assure you that as yet I have given you no sufficient idea of the strangeness of their customs and their ideas. For instance, all the women call themselves 'romantic ladies,' and have for an ideal that of Purity, which they attain by indiscriminate association with young males called Pirates. The Pirates have for an ideal that of The Perfect Gentleman, which they attain by constantly discussing the ethics of misbehavior. Is it surprising that all of them, sooner or later, literally grow bored to death, and, putting on a green hat, drive into Harrods? Whether when dead they become Pure, or whether as we do they moulder into rottenness, Mr. Arlen finds himself unable to explain, for all that is ever found of them after committing Harrodside is the green hat, which is picked up and preserved in champagne by friends of the deceased.

Do these Mayfairs have children? So far as Mr. Arlen found out, the answer is in the negative. It is true that the women, after some affair of Piracy, often go into nursing homes; but apparently all they ever have there is visitors and septic poisoning. As, however, Mr. Arlen could observe no visible declension in their numbers, the suspicion that these Mayfairs are a race of magical beings grows into

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a certainty. Unless, of course, one suspects that Mr. Arlen has invented them. Not, of course, that anyone does. But out of nothing nothing comes — unless there is magic in it. Perhaps, after the dash into Harrods, the Mayfairs come out safely on the other side, All Pure and All Green. But this is to enter into the realms of metaphysical speculation.

Here I leave it to you. This is Mayfair, and this is Mr. Arlen, to whose courageous exploration we owe its discovery. As he himself would put it, 'that is a weird country; that is a brave man.' Charming People, indeed, these Mayfairs are, if a little difficult for a European to understand. That perhaps is a comical thing to say when the stories of his adventures sell by the million. Ah, these Romantic Lady readers. . . .

THE POETRY OF T. S. ELIOT[1]

BY I. A. RICHARDS

[MR. RICHARDS is a fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, and the author of a much-discussed book on *The Principles of Literary Criticism*, in which he outlined a radically scientific approach to æsthetic problems.]

WE too readily forget that, unless something is very wrong with our civilization, we should be producing three equal poets at least for every poet of high rank in our great-great-grandfathers' day. Something must indeed be wrong; and since Mr. Eliot is one of the very few poets that current conditions have not overcome, the difficulties which he has faced, and the cognate difficulties which his readers encounter, repay study.

Mr. Eliot's poetry has occasioned an unusual amount of irritated or enthusiastic bewilderment. The bewilderment has several sources. The most formidable is the unobtrusiveness, in some cases the absence, of any coherent intellectual thread upon which the items of the poem are strung. A reader of 'Gerontion,' of 'Preludes,' or of 'The Waste Land,' may, if he will, after repeated readings, introduce such a thread. Another reader after much effort may fail to contrive one. But in either case energy will have been misapplied. For the items are united by the accord, contrast, and interaction of their emotional effects, not by an intellectual scheme that analysis must work out. The only intellectual activity required takes place in the realization of the separate items. We can, of course, make a 'rationalization' of the whole experience, as we can of any experience. If we do, we are adding something which does not belong to the poem. Such a logical scheme is, at best, a scaffolding that vanishes when the poem is constructed. But we have so built into our nervous systems a demand for intellectual coherence, even in poetry, that we find a difficulty in doing without it.

This point may be misunderstood,

[1] From the *New Statesman* (London Independent weekly), *February* 20

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for the charge most usually brought against Mr. Eliot's poetry is that it is overintellectualized. One reason for this is his use of allusion. A reader who in one short poem picks up allusions to *The Aspern Papers*, *Othello*, 'A Toccata of Galuppi's,' Marston, *The Phœnix and the Turtle*, *Antony and Cleopatra* (twice), 'The Extasie,' *Macbeth*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and Ruskin, feels that his wits are being unusually well exercised. He may easily leap to the conclusion that the basis of the poem is in wit also. But this would be a mistake. These things come in, not that the reader may be ingenious or admire the writer's erudition (this last accusation has tempted several critics to disgrace themselves), but for the sake of the emotional aura which they bring. Allusion in Mr. Eliot's hands is a technical device for compression. 'The Waste Land' is the equivalent in content to an epic. Without this device twelve books would have been needed. But these allusions and the notes in which some of them are elucidated have made many a petulant reader turn down his thumb at once.

This objection is connected with another, that of obscurity. To quote a recent pronouncement upon 'The Waste Land' from Mr. Middleton Murry: 'The reader is compelled, in the mere effort to understand, to adopt an attitude of intellectual suspicion, which makes impossible the communication of feeling. The work offends against the most elementary canon of good writing: that the immediate effect should be unambiguous.' Consider first this 'canon.' What would happen, if we pressed it, to Shakespeare's greatest sonnets or to *Hamlet*? The truth is that very much of the best poetry is necessarily ambiguous in its immediate effect. Even the most careful and responsive reader must reread and do hard work before the poem forms itself clearly and unambiguously in his mind. An original poem, as much as a new branch of mathematics, compels the mind which receives it to grow, and this takes time. Anyone who upon reflection asserts the contrary for his own case must be either a demigod or dishonest; probably Mr. Murry was in haste. His remarks show that he has failed in his attempt to read the poem, and they reveal, in part, the reason for his failure — namely, his own overintellectual approach. To read it successfully he would have to discontinue his present self-mystifications.

The critical question in all cases is whether the poem is worth the trouble it entails. For 'The Waste Land' this is considerable. There is Miss Weston's *From Ritual to Romance* to read, and its 'astral' trimmings to be discarded — they have nothing to do with Mr. Eliot's poem. There is Canto xxvi of the *Purgatorio* to be studied — the relevance of the close of that canto to the whole of Mr. Eliot's work must be insisted upon. It illuminates his persistent concern with sex, the problem of our generation as religion was the problem of the last. There is the central position of Tiresias in the poem to be puzzled out — the cryptic form of the note which Mr. Eliot writes on this point is just a little tiresome. It is a way of underlining the fact that the poem is concerned with many aspects of the one fact of sex, a hint that is perhaps neither indispensable nor entirely successful.

When all this has been done by the reader, when the materials with which the words are to clothe themselves have been collected, the poem still remains to be read. And it is easy to fail in this undertaking. An 'attitude of intellectual suspicion' must certainly be abandoned. But this is not difficult to those who still know how to give their feelings precedence to their thoughts,

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who can accept and unify an experience without trying to catch it in an intellectual net or to squeeze out a doctrine. One form of this attempt must be mentioned. Some, misled no doubt by its origin in a Mystery, have endeavored to give the poem a symbolical reading. But its symbols are not mystical, but emotional. They stand, that is, not for ineffable objects, but for normal human experience. The poem, in fact, is radically naturalistic; only its compression makes it appear otherwise. And in this it probably comes nearer to the original Mystery which it perpetuates than transcendentalism does.

If it were desired to label in three words the most characteristic feature of Mr. Eliot's technique, this might be done by calling his poetry a 'music of ideas.' The ideas are of all kinds, abstract and concrete, general and particular, and, like the musician's phrases, they are arranged, not that they may tell us something, but that their effects in us may combine into a coherent whole of feeling and produce a peculiar liberation of the will. They are there to be responded to, not to be pondered or worked out. This is, of course, a method used intermittently in very much poetry, and only an accentuation and isolation of one of its normal resources. The peculiarity of Mr. Eliot's later, more puzzling, work is his deliberate and almost exclusive employment of it. In the earlier poems this logical freedom appears only occasionally. In 'The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock,' for example, there is a patch at the beginning and another at the end, but the rest of the poem is quite straightforward. In 'Gerontion,' the first long poem in this manner, the air of monologue, of a stream of associations, is a kind of disguise, and the last two lines,

> Tenants of the house,
> Thoughts of a dry brain in a dry season,

are almost an excuse. The close of 'A Cooking Egg' is perhaps the passage in which the technique shows itself most clearly. The reader who appreciates the emotional relevance of the title has the key to the later poems in his hand. 'The Waste Land' and 'The Hollow Men' (the most beautiful of Mr. Eliot's poems, if we reserve a doubt as to the last section, astonishing though it is) are purely a 'music of ideas,' and the pretense of a continuous thread of associations is dropped.

How this technique lends itself to misunderstandings we have seen. But many readers who have failed in the end to escape bewilderment have begun by finding on almost every line that Mr. Eliot has written — if we except certain youthful poems on American topics — that personal stamp which is the hardest thing for the craftsman to imitate and perhaps the most certain sign that the experience, good or bad, rendered in the poem is authentic. Only those unfortunate persons who are incapable of reading poetry can resist Mr. Eliot's rhythms. The poem as a whole may elude us while every fragment, as a fragment, comes victoriously home. It is difficult to believe that this is Mr. Eliot's fault rather than his reader's, because a parallel case of a poet who so constantly achieves the hardest part of his task and yet fails in the easier is not to be found. It is much more likely that we have been trying to put the fragments together on a wrong principle.

Another doubt has been expressed. Mr. Eliot repeats himself in two ways. The nightingale, Cleopatra's barge, the rats, and the smoky candle-end, recur and recur. Is this a sign of a poverty of inspiration? A more plausible explanation is that this repetition is in part a consequence of the technique above described, and in part something which many writers who are not accused of

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poverty also show. Shelley, with his rivers, towers, and stars, Conrad, Hardy, Walt Whitman, and Dostoevskii spring to mind. When a writer has found a theme or image which fixes a point of relative stability in the drift of experience, it is not to be expected that he will avoid it. Such themes are a means of orientation. And it is quite true that the central process in all Mr. Eliot's best poems is the same: the conjunction of feelings which, though superficially opposed, — as squalor, for example, is opposed to grandeur, — yet tend as they develop to change places and even to unite. If they do not develop far enough the intention of the poet is missed. Mr. Eliot is neither sighing after vanished glories nor holding contemporary experience up to scorn.

Both bitterness and desolation are superficial aspects of his poetry. There are those who think that he merely takes his readers into the Waste Land and leaves them there, that in his last poem he confesses his impotence to release the healing waters. The reply is that some readers find in his poetry not only a clearer, fuller realization of their plight, the plight of a whole generation, than they find elsewhere, but also through the very energies set free in that realization a return of the saving passion.

INTERESTING PEOPLE[1]

BY CATHERINE CARSWELL

My friend from Cambridge — she did very well at Newnham twenty years ago — was disappointed with the hotel. We had been there a week, and she had not seen one single 'interesting' person. The Colonel, for example, — and she indicated with her horn-rimmed spectacles that part of the lounge where a group of pretty girls almost concealed a certain lively and elegant figure from view, — was n't the Colonel typical of the banality of the place?

For a moment I relived the terrible experience which, more than once, had been mine at 'evenings' given by this same friend in her Bloomsbury flat — the sensation that my hair was being rapidly streaked with gray, that my stiffening face was forming indelibly deep lines, while I did my best to converse with 'such an interesting man, my dear,' or 'such an extremely interesting woman, you really must meet her.' And meanwhile I watched the Colonel's admirers drift like butterflies to some other flower, and I saw the brightness on his face lapse into a set anxiety. It seemed unlikely that the hotel ever troubled him with a bill. He was well worth his keep to any intelligent management. An exquisite dancer . . . and with a little champagne in him . . . did you see him throw those three cartwheels running across the ballroom floor on New Year's Eve? Why, a man of half his age might envy . . . His age — yes, perhaps that was what made him look at times as if he heard the howling of a wolf pack. Fifty-nine next birthday. And

[1] From the *Manchester Guardian* (Independent Liberal daily), *February* 13

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after that third cartwheel the pain in his thigh had made him realize it suddenly. Fifty-nine. It would n't be so bad if he could be sure that there were as many pounds to his credit in the bank. And the hotel season was nearly over. Not that hotel food or late hours really agreed with him. For the first time in his life he had been sleeping badly. But what else was there for him now but hotels? Dancing and tennis in summer . . . dancing and skating in winter . . . the Colonel is so good at everything . . . and so jolly . . . such a darling, in fact. . . .

Yet, I *had* been reading a novel by Mr. Aldous Huxley, and, with some nice little observations and additions of my own, I was mentally presenting that author with a character for future use. Or, upon further consideration, perhaps the Colonel ought to have been returned to Chekhov, because people in hotels are seldomer out of novels than out of plays and short stories. Anyhow, I hope I have made it clear that I am only claiming for myself the details, not the conception of the Colonel as a character.

There again sat the garrulous old maid with her kindly—but rather will-you-walk-into-my-parlorish — smile. Jane Austen, or possibly Chekhov. And there one of 'the vulgar family' whose behavior was such that certain other guests expressed surprise at their being tolerated in 'a hotel of this class.' Once more Jane Austen, or, of course, once more Chekhov. There, too, the titled but anxious mother of daughters, who, it was said, had already by her overpowering graciousness driven more than one eligible to seek a rival hostelry. Jane again, Tolstoi, Chekhov, almost anybody.

These and others I looked at. Interesting? Uninteresting? Which were they to be called? Not one but the very thought of whom must daily bore a thousand intelligent minds. Not one but, at one time or another, must have deeply interested some master mind.

To converse with on current topics? Well, no. Sometimes one wonders if Jane would have been moved to write at all had not writing offered her an escape from the daily broadside of boredom to which her life was subject. Always one knows that there could be no hell of greater anguish devised for most novelists than an ink-and-paper-less eternity to be passed in the company of their own characters. The fact remains, however, that, for us who come after, those great ones have sucked the deadliest poison of boredom out of every type which they have touched with their magic. It is a chastening reflection that not only individual types but whole sections of mankind have, at one time or another and for whole generations on end, been uninteresting to the rest. The poor have been uninteresting, the well-to-do have been uninteresting, governesses have been uninteresting, shopkeepers, children, savages, civil servants — till the searchlight of literature, in the shape of two quiet eyes that could see, has been turned on to them and has shown the rest of us to have been mistaken. We are all too apt to separate literature from life, and one of our many ways of doing it is to limit the benefit we receive from works of fiction to the actual reading of them and their enjoyment in retrospect. Yet in our daily lives, as well as in the lives of scores of thousands of persons who lack the time, the taste, or the opportunity to read stories of quality, the master story-tellers are continually present in some sort, alleviating, irradiating, re-creating, what would be otherwise intolerably dull. Somehow, by devious and often muddy channels, the creative sympathy and — what is the same thing — the creative spite of the mas-

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ters percolate all the way through. They trickle, diluted and sullied, even in the pages of the cheap magazine story and the cheaper feuilleton. The labors particularly of those whom we might call the Humble-minded Masters — such as Jane Austen and Chekhov in literature, and Forain, Steinlen, and Sickert in painting — must have supplied an antidote to the bane of dreariness in innumerable places and hearts.

How much easier to suffer fools gladly if, all the while, you are collecting their fatuities to pass on to some chosen friend! How nearly you come to loving your enemies when you can afterward present them in mimicry or take them off in delicate caricature! What a warm glow when you have garnered some new subtlety of foolishness or of wickedness that might take its place with credit on the page of a masterpiece! Besides, what of us who are ourselves, too often, bores? Possibly not mothers alone, but all human creatures, can count, at least once in their lives, upon being regarded by their fellows as 'in an interesting condition.' It is quite certain that everyone can count, at one time or another, upon being regarded as a bore. Then how grateful should we be that in our boringness we may yet furnish some of the raw material for humor, satire, literary output! Instead of being avoided as much as possible by those who come in daily contact with us, we may actually be sought. We may sun ourselves unconsciously in their appreciation, lend ourselves to the top of our bent to supplying matter for their later *répétition générale*. What an addition to the common happiness!

But to return to my discontented friend. What it comes to is this. There are several ways of looking at one's fellows, according to which one inevitably finds them interesting or uninteresting. There is the detached way of the artist and of the true gossip, as who should say, 'What can I create out of him, or what can I learn of his true being?' There is the personal way — 'Am I going to like him, or he me?' And there is the semidetached way, which includes, 'Am I going to get anything out of him, or is he going to try to get anything out of me?' As things are, these three are often mixed. They become quite messily involved as soon as one person is introduced to another as 'interesting.' If, therefore, you want to queer the pitch between two of your friends, all you have to do is to tell each one beforehand that the 'interestingness' of the other is the reason of your bringing them together. There is only one worse you can go, which is to tell each that the other is going to be 'so interested' to meet him. Even if it be true that either of the persons concerned is interesting to anyone but yourself, the effect will be to make both, anyhow for the occasion, the very reverse to one another. People cannot be interesting to order, and a meeting with the most truly interesting man on earth may easily be a dismal failure.

Perhaps it is a word which, in its present application, should disappear from our vocabulary. Let us, anyhow, use it only in its strictest sense. Let us say, 'He interests me,' or 'He might interest you,' 'He is a man who has had an interesting life,' or 'He has a nature interesting because of its unusual combination of qualities.' Or, better still, let us leave his record to speak for itself.

It is well, among other things, to remember that in the case of an attractive man or a beautiful woman the epithet 'interesting' is never applied except as an afterthought.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

AN UNPOLITICAL LOCARNO SPIRIT

DIPLOMATIC conferences in Alpine villages, Riviera winter-resorts, and the great capitals, make a loud noise that sounds not unlike international goodwill, and no doubt these gatherings of statesmen have other important effects that those revealed by the acquisition of knighthoods and cabinet positions. The official work of peace, like that of war, is probably the responsibility of political minds and the function of political mechanisms. But perhaps it is true of peace as it is of war that the unofficial work must be done by other than political agencies. In Europe at the moment, for example, one may wonder whether a certain number of mere literary men and artists are not doing more, in a quiet and inconspicuous way, for the cause of international understanding than all the officeholders on all the State pay-rolls of the Eastern Hemisphere.

Consider the results accomplished in this direction by the free trade that prevails in dramatic activities throughout the continent. Perhaps Mr. Shaw's *Saint Joan*, Mr. Galsworthy's *Loyalties*, and Mr. Maugham's *Rain* are not the three greatest English plays of the century; but how can the theatre-going Berliners who have seen them all latterly fail to come away with a healthier sense of the English character than they could get from any of their newspapers? Signor Pirandello may be rather an artisan than an artist, as some critics aver, but can he have done a less telling work for Italy last summer in Germany than Signor Mussolini has done this winter in Rome? M. Firmin Gémier is conceivably an officious visionary; it remains likely that his project for a Theatrical League of Nations — even if it never materializes — will have had an effect on the international atmosphere like that of a refreshing thunder-shower on a sultry day.

The stage, indeed, is already an unofficial organ of internationalism that functions without troublesome councils and without the voluntary aloofness of any potential member. But it is not the only channel through which the waters of intellectual and artistic reciprocity flow. In every European country there are publishers — Mr. Jonathan Cape in England, M. Grasset in Paris, and Herr Fischer in Berlin are examples — who contribute to the cause of peace the weighty donation of familiarizing their readers with the best work of foreign authors in translation, and they are abetted by critics like Edmond Jaloux in France, Adriano Tilgher in Italy, and Salvador de Madariaga in Spain, whose literary culture is in the best sense Pan-European, and whose views of literature are proportionately overarching. It is such publishers and such critics who have made men like John Galsworthy, Marcel Proust, and Thomas Mann international figures, with almost as many readers abroad as they have at home.

The Forsyte Saga has been one of the

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best-sellers of the season in Germany. Does that fact not bode quite as well for Anglo-German relations as the reception given to Stresemann and Luther in London? The Turin daily, *La Stampa*, is publishing a series of articles on contemporary English novelists that will possibly do more for the understanding of England in Italy than even the settlement of the Italian debt in London. The publication of a tale by Unamuno in the *Neue Merkur* may partially counteract some of the ill-feeling aroused in Germany by Spain's demand for a seat on the League Council. Poland and Czechoslovakia may have political enemies all over the continent, but Reymont and Čapek are too well known throughout Europe to allow fundamental doubts about the Polish and Czech spirit to gain ground. The internationalism of literature has the advantage over political internationalism that it is a matter of imaginative sympathy and understanding, not of tariff concessions and dotted lines.

It is to be hoped, in this connection, that the habit of international visiting will grow in the esteem of literary men. Signs are not wanting to indicate that it is already growing. Paris has recently been the hostess of the German critic and traveler, Alfred Kerr, and of the novelist Thomas Mann. The French literary scholar, Bernard Faÿ, has been giving lectures in Berlin, and records his pleasant impressions of that city in the columns of the *Vossische Zeitung*. Is it not possible that the fruits of such visits may be as abundant as those of the sessions at which M. Briand and Herr Stresemann beam at each other across the table? What may not Ernst Toller have accomplished for Germany during his stay in London early in the year? These literary ambassadors — fortunately enough — have no official status and no official rewards, but the effects of their diplomacy may be none the less far-reaching for all that.

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HUMOR IN MUSIC

'In a sense, no doubt, it may be contended that there is no such thing as humor in music,' says Mr. H. A. Scott, the music critic of the *Westminster Gazette*, 'and certainly it is true that so far as instrumental music is concerned the humor alleged is more often read into it by the listener than inherent in the music itself. Music may be gay, bright, and vivacious, certainly, and induce a corresponding state of feeling in its hearer; but this does not necessarily imply humor. Music can no more convey a joke than it can tell a story without the aid of words.

'Yet even instrumental music is not incapable of humorous effects, and sometimes one is tempted to say that it is really capable of genuine humor — as, for instance, in many of Beethoven's more rollicking passages, which in their unexpectedness, bizarrerie, and general whimsicality do convey an unmistakable suggestion of jocosity. Again, when, in the "Pastoral Symphony," Beethoven makes his bassoon play after the manner of a village performer, amusement is always excited — though in this case probably only on the part of those who happen to know what is intended by the music.

'How largely, indeed, the appreciation of such instrumental facetiæ depends upon the listener is illustrated by the diverse interpretations that have been placed upon an equally famous passage in another of Beethoven's symphonies — namely, that toward the end of the first movement of the "Eroica," where the horns make what sounds — or, at any rate, used to sound — like a manifestly false entry. All music-lovers know the passage and relish it as

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one of the most characteristic ever written by Beethoven. But whereas some regard it as a joke of the first water, others — as, for instance, the late Sir George Grove — are chiefly struck by its poetry and pathos. And this is a danger that is apt to attend all attempts at instrumental humor.

'Certainly the humorous and quasi-humorous effects achieved by eccentricities of instrumentation can hardly be accepted as proving the possibilities of humor in music. To raise a smile by the employment of the bassoon, say, or the horn, or the drum, in an eccentric passage is doubtless easy enough. But the humor in this case resides in the queer sound of the instrument rather than in the music itself. Very rarely the latter possesses what can be regarded as an element of genuine humor, though now and again such music is written. Some of Beethoven's achievements in this way have been mentioned above, and Richard Strauss, to cite a more modern instance, has done the same thing more than once.

'Then, again, there is humor of a purely academic kind, so to say, such as that derived from the performers being made to play out of tune, to play wrong notes, with exaggerated expression, and so forth. A famous work of this class is Mozart's so-called "Peasants' Symphony," in which a performance of a village orchestra is burlesqued and you have all sorts of blunders perpetrated by this and that instrument — the horn playing a solo passage all wrong, the first violin attempting a cadenza and coming to grief, and so on. But this sort of musical jesting can, of course, hardly be cited as evidence of the possibility of humor in music as such.

'The introduction of imitations of natural and other sounds constitutes another phase of the humorous in music. The bird-notes introduced by Beethoven in the slow movement of the "Pastoral" are, of course, a classical instance under this head; and any number of other examples could be cited, from the realistic "hee-haw" of Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music (in reference, of course, to Bottom with his ass's head) — an effect, this, anticipated by Bach in his "Phœbus and Pan" cantata — to the bleating of the sheep in Strauss's "Don Quixote," the rattle and roar of the engine in Honegger's "Pacific 666," and various other modern instances.

'But of such things as these it must be said again that they go a very little way toward establishing the proposition that music itself is really capable of humor.'

*

GERMANY AND SWEDEN

Vossische Zeitung publishes two articles on the literary and artistic relations of Germany and Sweden that indicate a survival of their tradition of friendship. Dr. Wilhelm Grotkopp writes from Stockholm on the subject of German books in Sweden, and reports that, although there has been a general falling off in their sale during the last year, that is due to causes not affecting the relations of the two countries, and has been accompanied by a lively interest in certain special German writers. The increasingly important rôle played by newspapers in Swedish cultural life — won to a large extent by their literary and intellectual vigor — is one of the reasons for the decline in the purchasing of foreign books; another is the disinclination of the Swedish reader for the kind of 'problematic' fiction typical of so much German writing.

Even the lighter sort of German book is inaccessible to many readers, says Dr. Grotkopp, because of the type in which it is printed, and very frequently because of its price. Yet in

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spite of all this, such a book as Heinrich Mann's *Der Kopf* has been widely read, and authors like Hauptmann and Schnitzler are as well known in Sweden as anywhere outside of Germany itself. The work of Emil Ludwig — who has been called 'the Lytton Strachey of Germany' — has plenty of admirers there, as have also the writings of German globe-trotters like Colin Ross. In general, Swedish readers are more interested in informative works from the Continent than in creative writing.

In 1924 an exhibition of German art was sent to Stockholm and was received there with great hospitality and friendly interest. During February of this year a reciprocal gesture was made by Swedish artists who sent a collection of their work to Germany, where it was exhibited in Hamburg, Lübeck, and Berlin. The opening of the exhibition in Hamburg was made a kind of international occasion, graced by the presence of the Swedish Ambassador, the Consul-General in Hamburg, a representative of the fine arts ministry from Berlin, and others. It included the work of such well-established artists of the older generation as Richard Bergh, Ander Zorn, Oscar Bjórek, and Bruno Liljefors, as well as of many younger postimpressionists. The *Vossische Zeitung's* reporter notes the prevalence among these latter of a command over severe and realistic form, and the reassertion of Northern ideals of clarity over certain alien influences.

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FERRERO AS A NOVELIST

THE perennial question whether the novel as a form is in its senility may receive either an affirmative or a negative answer — depending upon your opinion of historians — when it is known that the eminent Italian historian, Guglielmo Ferrero, is at work upon a novel at his villa in Florence. Pierre Jeanneret reports in the *Semaine Littéraire* a conversation with Signor Ferrero in which he confesses that, like Mr. St. Loe Strachey, he has turned to fiction late in life, and, also like his English confrère, intends to make his novel the reconstruction of an important historical epoch. In this case it is the Rome of thirty years ago instead of the Paris of the late forties; but the canvas will be even broader than Mr. Strachey's. Though he is determined not to make general ideas his point of departure, 'I particularly want this long work,' says the author, 'to be a chronicle of the emotional and intellectual state of Rome at the end of the nineteenth century.'

If Signor Ferrero succeeds in his task, — and he is not habituated to failure, — his novel will be a broad, objective, epic piece of fiction in the old 'discredited' manner of Balzac and Stendhal and Flaubert, not a subjectivist modern romance. 'In my opinion an author ought to let his characters reveal themselves by telling the reader what they do and say, instead of standing between the characters and the reader with his own explanations. Of course this method could be pushed too far and verge on out-and-out drama. In my book I shall describe the personalities of the characters who are already middle-aged at the beginning, so that their initial actions may be clear; but all the young characters I shall leave to their own devices, and let them take form and outline under the pressure of events.'

Anything more specific than this the learned novelist refuses to divulge, but when a lady who was present at the interview asked whether it would be a novel with a 'key' — a novel using actual men and women as characters under more or less transparent disguises — 'the master answered only with a sly and perhaps ironic smile.'

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BOOKS ABROAD

Albertine disparue, by Marcel Proust. (À la recherche du temps perdu: Tome VII) Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française. 18 francs.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

La Prisonnière ended with the flight of Albertine, who secretly packed her trunks and escaped from her jealous and tortured jailer. The new volume opens with the triumphant words in which Françoise announced that escape: '*Mademoiselle Albertine est partie!*' Artistically it is far above its predecessor, without its maddening *longueurs* and trivialities. Trivialities there are indeed in it, but in general they are handled in the manner of the earlier Proust, which gives to each its subtle significance. Some of the opening passages — a translation of which by Mr. Scott Moncrieff has already appeared in a review — are as beautiful as anything Proust ever wrote. After the first period of grief, made keener by the piercing jealousy that was always one of the favorite themes of Proust, it appears that all will go well. Albertine will come back; there will be a wedding; the Rolls-Royce and the yacht she has coveted have been ordered. Then comes the fatal telegram: there has been a riding-accident, Albertine is dead and will return no more.

The sentiments of the lover who sets himself to work back over, to *traverser en sens inverse*, the course and the scenes of their association are chronicled with extraordinary fidelity. Seldom it is that a writer, even a great writer, has intellectual honesty enough to record the distractions, the absurd inconsistencies, which mingle with the purest and most whole-hearted grief and regret, as Proust does here. All this is painfully true to life. We can only trust that the impulses which prompt the lover to pry and spy, with the aid of paid agents, into the past existence of his vicious mistress are less so. Thenceforward the theme becomes more and more gloomy. There are delightful passages — none more so than that describing the author who sees his first article in print and sets himself to read it as if he were, first of all, certain of his friends, then 'the general reader.' But, one and all, the chief personages whom we have known are dragged down to the world of *Sodome et Gomorrhe*. Not even Robert de Saint-Loup, perhaps the most charming of them all, and now married to Gilberte Swann, the hero's love of early days, escapes. We are led by our guide to look upon a Hades of perversion, wherein we find all the beautiful *jeunes filles en fleurs* and the most attractive of the men. We weary of their orgies because we do not believe in them.

Lolly Willowes, by Sylvia Townsend Warner. London: Chatto and Windus; New York: The Viking Press. $2.00.

[*Observer*]

THIS is the sort of book which, after a quick, ecstatic reading, one is on fire to recommend to one's friends, and it is only after a second reading that one begins to worry lest they will find the opening hundred pages dull and so not persevere until Aunt Lolly gets to Great Mop, becomes a witch, and gives Miss Warner the chance to write prose of a beauty as pure, as delicate, and as sensitive as Mr. De La Mare's. It really was a pity that Miss Warner should have wasted so much time in describing the early life of Aunt Lolly, — her childhood in the country, her middle-age in Apsley Terrace with her brother and his family, — for it is only when Aunt Lolly breaks free from her family and goes down to the village of Great Mop in Buckinghamshire, drawn there as though by the faint silver notes of dream-music, that the loveliness of the story bursts fully out.

Aunt Lolly is happy among the beech-woods of Great Mop, happy in her solitude, happy in the knowledge that an obscure, inexplicable *something* has been added to her. But Aunt Lolly is not allowed to remain long alone, and soon her nephew Titus, a charming young man from Oxford, comes down to stay near his aunt and write a book. Aunt Lolly is terrified that he will ruin Great Mop for her, and in her anguish she calls on Satan to save her, and Satan, kind, grave, and understanding, does not fail her. He makes her a witch, gives her a kitten as a familiar, curdles the milk Titus keeps for his nightly Ovaltine, makes him cut his hand and fall down in a wasps' nest, engages him off to a nice girl, and sends him back to London. Aunt Lolly is left in peace: she has become a witch, and she is content, for to be a witch, as she tells Satan one day as he lounges beside her on the grass disguised as a gardener, is 'to have a life of one's own, not an existence doled out to you by others. . . .'

Miss Warner continually reminds one of Mr.

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De La Mare, but she has a greater sense of humor, and her human beings are more natural, more of this world than his. At the same time, she shares with him that gift for weaving a story out of a delicate, transparent material which, although it makes a complete pattern in itself, yet gives glimpses of another, stranger, and yet more entrancing pattern behind. *Lolly Willowes* is a very beautiful book.

Poems in One Volume, by J. C. Squire. London: William Heinemann. 8*s.* 6*d.*

[*Observer*]

It is a real test of a poet's quality to have the bulk of his work gathered in one volume: one is forced then to dwell, not on the merits of particular poems, but on the character, the vision, and the philosophy of the poet. Mr. Squire's work bears the test very well. If one reads the volume through, — we must deprecate its unchronological arrangement and its rather overcrowded printing, — a genuine personality emerges. Enemies might urge a certain monotony of thought against Mr. Squire; but, unless in dramatic poetry, similarity of thought accompanies conviction of mind and individuality of creed, and Mr. Squire varies remarkably the statement of his belief. He himself recognizes that his thought is essentially unchanged in the twenty years covered by the work in this volume: —

I have not changed. Even now I am stol'n away
In lulls of this life's warfare by a ray,
A hue on mist, a pebble on the shore.
And sudden detached at moments from the roar
In street or hall I hear the gray waves' knell,
'Hopeless, Foredone, O whither? and Farewell!'

He is occupied with the great things in life, with the changing shapes of life's toys, and certain of their passing, even of the most immemorial. Yet he sees the world as a brave show, and the games in it as fine games. So in 'The Lily of Madrid,' in 'Birds,' in 'Rivers,' in 'Niagara,' in 'Ode: In a Restaurant,' and in many shorter poems, he sings of the shadows of reality, the images that prevent or reveal or occlude truth according to the faith and imagination of the looker-on.

Most distinctive of Mr. Squire's qualities as a poet is, perhaps, a certain high and righteous indignation. He can be poetically and admirably angry, as in that fierce poem, 'The Survival of the Fittest'; and he can move from indignation to lyrical beauty as in the prologue — new to us — to his long poem on 'The Moon.'

Midas: or The United States, by C. H. Bretherton. London: Kegan Paul; New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.00.

[*Morning Post*]

Everything the United States can touch turns to gold — hence the title of Mr. C. H. Bretherton's contribution to a series of little books on the problems of to-day and to-morrow that has given a new lease of life to the pamphlet, that long-disused literary form. Mr. Bretherton, who has lived too long in the United States to be able to reproduce the rapturous impression of the English tourist 'streaking' through that vast country, does not resemble the woman rimester who wrote:

I hate washing dirty plates.
I hate the United States.

He sees, however, that the Midas touch has been turning all the really precious things in America into ready cash, that the arts — including that vital art of conduct called morality — are despised and neglected there, that the whole huge, opulent land is in danger of becoming 'a gigantic Babbitt Warren.' His book is full of astute observations and acute reflections.

'The truth is,' he observes, having the first-hand evidence to prove his point, 'that the modern American has no use for liberty, and liberty plays no part in what he conceives to be democracy. He conspues the imaginary tyranny of kings and emperors, but earnestly desires to replace it with the very real tyranny of the fifty-one per cent.' He explains the futility of American letters by the fact — so obvious as to be hitherto overlooked — that Americans write one language but speak another. The vision of the American future is even far overcrowded and obscure, but the substitution — which he foresees — of the competitively selected life-appointee for the politician will give the sane American a chance of asserting himself. Then progress, other than that based on the cash register, will become possible. Americans possessed of a 'think-tank' will find this wise and witty pamphlet a provocation to the thought that is creative.

BOOKS MENTIONED

Eliot, T. S. *Poems, 1909–1925.* London: Faber and Gwyer. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Richards, I. A. *The Principles of Literary Criticism.* New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1924. $3.75.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

The Letters of Sir Walter Raleigh: 1879–1922, edited by Lady Raleigh. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Company. $7.00.

'A RESPECTABLE romantic' is the phrase that perhaps best describes the late Walter Raleigh, Professor of English successively at Liverpool, Glasgow, and Oxford. His academic and literary career kept him from ever breaking over the traces too obstreperously, and he wrote a series of perfectly dignified books of literary criticism. Yet he remained at heart a kind of bad boy among the bigwigs, and neither had nor professed to have too much reverence for scholars, universities, or books themselves. These letters have the sort of tang in the expression of opinion and the judgment of personalities that one would expect even from his formal studies. Like practically all modern letters, they are in no sense 'composed'; they are extravagant telegrams rather than letters, and must be read as such. On these terms a reader can be promised a great deal of humor, wisdom, and half-freakish merry-making, as well as not a little of this kind of thing: 'There are limits to the process of combining one's own amusement with other people's instruction.'

Whom God Hath Sundered, by Oliver Onions. New York: George H. Doran Company, 1925. $2.50.

THE task of joining three more or less unrelated novels into one cannot be an easy one. Mr. Onions has here linked his most famous works, *In Accordance with the Evidence*, *The Debit Account*, and *The Story of Louie*, into a remarkably interesting and unified whole. The novel that results is long but seldom tedious. If one were anxious to criticize the small weaknesses of characterization, one might say that his treatment of Louie, the heroine, is at times sentimental and oversympathetic. In regard to plot, one is justified in complaining of the ease with which Mr. Onions kills off the three significant characters. But looking at the novel as an entity, one must admire the skillfully arranged plan of incident and the extraordinary feeling of the author for all the little and apparently unimportant bonds that hold the story and characters together.

The Origin of the Next War, by John Bakeless. New York: The Viking Press, Inc., 1926. $2.50.

THIS clever and readable little book was written by the former editor of the 'Life, Letters, and the Arts' department of the *Living Age*, and we suspect that it releases the pent-up political ideas of an ardent young Reserve officer which were suppressed during his exclusive devotion on our journal to the Muses instead of to Mars and the Erinyes, or whatever other deities just now preside over the councils of the Geneva diplomats. It relates in a competent and interesting way how and why the wars of recent years have come to pass, with considerable stress upon the persistence of their causes into the present era; but whether in order that we may save our souls by strengthening things that make for peace, or our skins by perfecting gas-masks and other methods of defense, it is a little difficult to say. It is written in apparent obliviousness, however, of the imponderables that make the world of to-day an entirely different world from that of twenty years ago, and that promise to give us a period of international, if not social, quiescence quite as long as or longer than the forty years of relative peace that intervened between the Napoleonic and the Crimean Wars.

Three Kingdoms, by Storm Jameson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1926. $2.50.

FOR Americans who think that the English are a race entirely different from themselves this book will serve as a revelation. It is the story of an English girl who tried to combine love, motherhood, and advertising. Certain scenes in the divorce court and office building make us feel, with some resentment perhaps, that the English, after all, are our brothers. They too are not above loving money and other men's wives. Miss Jameson's treatment of her subject is remarkable for its frankness and ease. At times her sympathy for her characters clouds her judgment a little and leads her into sentimentality. In this country, where there are too many books of this matrimonial nature, *Three Kingdoms*, in spite of its merits, cannot be expected to keep its head above the waters of the commonplace.

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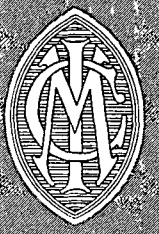

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It's all right to be serious. It's fine to seek information. But why be solemn about it?

* * *

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* * *

If you like to consider yourself a member of the "intelligent minority," that's all right, too.

* * *

But don't be frenzied about it.

* * *

We can't be solemn with you in these columns, because our magazine isn't solemn.

* * *

The editors have a bully good time and Scribner's Magazine shows it by its buoyancy, its joy of living, its good humor.

* * *

We give readers what interests us and what we think they will like — not what we think they "ought to have."

* * *

There are hours of sheer enjoyment in the April Scribner's Magazine. And when you've finished you find that you have profited by all this entertainment.

* * *

Undoubtedly you've heard the reverberations from the publication of Captain John W. Thomason's book. Only the word that Captain Thomason's "Mail Day" appears in the April Scribner's, now on sale, is necessary.

* * *

(Note to our feminine readers: Don't be afraid of "war stuff." The Captain might well have dedicated this "To the Ladies.")

* * *

Will James doesn't use academic English but he has a gift for rich living speech.

* * *

"Smoky — A One-Man Horse" appears in April and another story of Smoky comes in the May number, which will be out in two weeks.

* * *

"The Small-Town Banker Puts On Knickers" by Will Rose and "Religion and the Instalment Plan" will divert you while they give you something to chew over.

* * *

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